

MACLEAN'S



THE
DISTINGUISHED
AMBASSADOR
FROM
CANADA...

WHO
NEEDS
HIM?

ROCK

Why kids dig
the sound their
parents hate

SKIING

Why it's our
fastest growing
sport

The U.S.A.: Noted for Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of our Canadian.

Last year, Americans bought over 12 million bottles of Canada's finest whisky, Canadian Lord Calvert, calling it "the smoothest Canadian ever," "perhaps the greatest Canadian I ever drank," and "the Canadian whisky that made me switch from that other Canadian whisky."

But we don't have to take their word for it. So pursue our Canadian for yourself.

CANADIAN
LORD
CALVERT
SCOTCH WHISKY

Canadian Lord Calvert



THE 1960S

REMEMBER?

What will we call them 40 years on? The Swinging Sixties? The Sick Sixties? The Era of Excess? We don't know; but there was something about those 10 years, something that had to do with excitement and struggle for change. What was it? Here *Maclean's* recaptures a taste of the fact and folklore that will make the decade as well remembered as the Roaring Twenties or the Gay Nineties.

First, the bad news



GI Joe, Major Matt Mason, *et al.* for the first time in history, U.S. toy manufacturers had little boys playing with dolls, and paratrooper dolls at that.

Instant Breakfast By packing enough calories in a glass to tide you over until lunch, this carbonated powder spiced the doldrums of a civilized start to the day.

The topless bikini sale Rick Ossenbach designed it, mostly for publicity, and contributed a memorable image of 1960s tumultuousness.



Now . . . the good news

The cassette tape recorder was portable sound accessible to anybody.

Motorized laundry return for \$165, while almost everything else went up, car fares came down through charter and group rates, giving stay-at-homes even less excuse for not seeing the world.

Ralph Nader helped start a consumers' revolution. Indirect results: safer (but not much more sensible) Detroit cars, supermarkets that poll their customers, a new and useful department of the federal government.

These INVENTIONS that made getting up in the morning less of a burden: stainless steel toaster. Nader for men, for women, panty hose that stay up without garters and electric hair curlers that do

the awful job in 10 minutes or less.

The man in the moon going out of style.



Take a stand.

Don't boggle around when you're out to buy whisky. For the mellow taste you're after, there's one sure approach. Just ask for Seagram's 8-3. It's a decision you'll want to stand by for keeps.

Seagram's 8-3
CANADIAN WHISKY



1960s

Women are people, too

The Barbie Doll was introduced by Mattel in the decade began, the success of Barbie, with her complexion, her plucky good looks, her inseparable appetite for new clothes, somehow told a lot about how women were regarded in North America. High Heelers guide a fortune with live Barbie dolls, the first hobby club opened in Chicago in 1960. The go-go girl was invented, too, significantly, she usually danced in some kind of cage. The bikini, started with Betty Friedan, whose pre-feminist book, *The Feminist Myopia*, made a lot of women wonder why they weren't "fulfilled"; it coincided with the growth of the Women's Liberation Movement, which takes a dim view of beauty, and in Toronto disrupted a bikini contest that they felt was a prime example of sexist exploitation. A Canadian scientist named Lured Tiger had the motto-to-end: his book, *Female Groups*, argued that men are dominant because of their biological inheritance from the sexual kingdom.

"Extremism is the defense of liberty is not a vice." — Barry Goldwater, July 1964

"Shared to kill? Shared to make?" — George Steiner, *Review*, June, April 21, 1962

"Trivia explosion" — On a memorable night in 1966, a television Batman walked into a discobolus wearing cape, hood, right, and left arm. A dinner table, please. I don't want to be conspicuous." Thus, from the first episode of the big hit of the 1966 TV season, launched the great hoaxes in camp, first defined in Roger Shecken's article in *Personae Novissima*, which described camp as a new, deepest sensibility that builds an elaborate aesthetic around corny math such as *Mayo's Amateur Hour*. In no time at all, camp was a major social force. Come back of the 1940s enjoyed a revival so, so, so punny, and you weren't considered well-informed unless you knew the name of the Green Hornet's chameleon. One of the biggest things about the 1960s, in fact, was the 1940s.

Notes on poverty

In Vancouver, city officials evicted vagrant Larry McNamee from a city works yard, where he'd been living for several years beneath some propped-up slabs of concrete. In Toronto, where it was estimated that 53 percent of the people can't afford to live in houses, police arrested Bulgarian Kostantinovitch from his home in a concrete pit at the bottom of a staircase.

"Let the word go forth . . . that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this country, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage—and unwilling to witness or permit the slow erosion of those human rights in which this nation has always believed . . ."

John F. Kennedy
January 20, 1961



Trivia explosion

There were great men and great moments. The New York Mets finally won the pennant. Canada produced Harry Jerome, Bill Cuthbert

Unwelcome Survivors



Jokes?

Why Point? Why Balance? Why Newland? No one really knows, but these groups were singled out for special and undiluting attention on the evening-news circuit. The trend turned itself out with a spattering of WASP jokes (What do you call a WASP girl who makes love over a sewer? A nonpermeation.) The elephant jokes were preference mysterious and didn't necessarily involve elephants (What's brown and wrinkled and smells? The electric piano.)

You figure it out.

The heroines

There were great men and great moments. The New York Mets finally won the pennant. Canada produced Harry Jerome, Bill Cuthbert



and Bruce Kidd. Bobby Hull scored 52 goals in one season. But the real phenomenon was our girls, most of them young enough for teeth and braces and growing less, who did more than the big writing for Canada. Nancy Greene, Elsie Turner, Petre Burke. And let us not forget Valentina Nikulina, who won the North American table-tennis championship at the age of 14.

Perils of technology

In the American midwest in 1962, a man electrocuted his wife by short-circuiting her electric toothbrush.

At a medical symposium in 1963, Dr. Priston A. Wade of Cornell University described an unforeseen hazard of space travel: "A male in a room in a weightless space, a man in a enforcement enough to pain him, the flesh that produced a muscle in his hand to the edge with such force as to fracture his skull."

New York doctors discovered that nosebleeds after the 1965 power failure that blacked out most of the eastern U.S. and Canada for several hours, the birth rate increased significantly.

A week after the computer at Sir George Williams University in Montreal, some data was being processed as usual. The university had duplicate memory tapes stored off-campus and, by using remote terminals, was running them through computers in Ottawa.

1960s

Sickies

The slogan of the U.S. Air Force was in Vietnam that specialized in destabilization: "Only we can prevent forests."

Go-go girls (starting with Carol Doda in San Francisco) who, in the first tickles of competitive free enterprise, offered the concertgoer more to look at than he was equipped with vision.

A gal named Kim Guarnaccia was stabbed to death in a New York street. While 18 people watched impotently, later explaining that they "didn't want to get involved."

In Montreal, two motorists ran over the body of a 12-year-old boy after he had fallen in a traffic accident, and at least seven others drove by without stopping.

Canada, which both developed the war in Vietnam and profited handsomely by it, dropped 460,000 textbooks in the Vietnamese school system for — yes — world readers.

"Washing machine and television sets alone . . . Superhighways, dorms, universities, a series of fertile land, and the second-highest incidence of automobile accidents in the world, second-highest rate of pollution. Up to 80 percent prosper, all calling themselves cities and all looking like beautiful copies of Omaha, Nebraska."

"This is not a Canada to call forth my math skills. But just north of it still lies a different kind of land — too barren ever to be thickly settled, too bleak to be popular like Blackpool or Miami. There is no place to show that it will always be there, and as long as it is there, Canada will not die."

Bill Tracy, *Montana's* (Winter Edition, 1988)

Unwelcome survivors



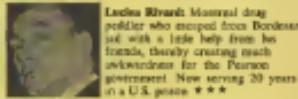
The poisoned public

North America finally realized that, as a by-product of industrial progress, white moths had possibly gone extinct, along with each other. Household naps stems were new companies that make a profit by "indirect" packaging and industrial waste: emergence of a public (and even a few governments) determined to just & stop it!



Scandals we have known and loved

A random listing of just — but highly forgettable — scandals. We've avoided ones to such as the basis of significance, shock value, titillation and general interest.



Louis Rielard, Montreal day peddler who escaped from prison with a little help from his friends, thereby creating much embarrassment for the Pearson government. Now serving 20 years in a U.S. prison. ***



Christine Keeler: She slept with British cabinet member John Profumo and with the Soviet military attaché. Great consternation when Profumo had to resign. She's still in London, selling her memoirs. *****



Charles Van Denter Professor at Carleton, one of a distinguished scholar, but took part in a rigged TV quiz show and later confided: Now in private business in Clacton. ***



Dick Clark: In the early 1960s, ran a TV show for teenagers and took payoffs for plugging pop records. He's still under contract with ABC, *reviews American Bandstand* and moonlights by appearing in commercials for an ice cream company. ***



Gerda Meissner: Do we really have to remind you about Gerda? She was too friendly with John Diefenbaker's associate minister of defense. She's now the wife of a Marsh cigar manufacturer. ***

The instant-nostalgia quiz (test yourself)

An instant-nostalgia buff will score an out of ten on the following quiz. (Answers on page 7)

1. Name Roger Ramjet's hometown.
2. Which one starred in the 1961 series *Bar 36*: Betty Draper, Pilar or Sal Mineo?
3. Name three girls who played Gidget.
4. Who was Odd Job and what was his bag?
5. Name two of Tiny Tim's previous pseudonyms, or his real name.
6. Name the man in the house, or his police commissionership.
7. What is Disney-Doo?
8. Who is Sir Koy Wellesley?
9. What is a Thimbletop?
10. Why are you doing this?

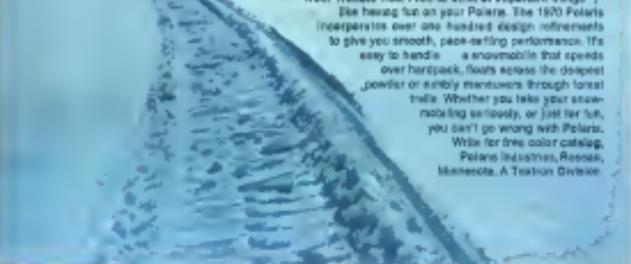
Polaris Freedom Trail

Shake off the winter cold rains... take off for winter fun on a playful, powerful Polaris. Just turn the key, and Polaris sets you free! Trouble free. Please think of important things . . .

Like having fun on your Polaris. The 1980 Polaris incorporates over one hundred design refinements to give you smooth, pace-setting performance. It's easy to handle... a snowmobile that spends

over hardpack, floats across the deepest powder or easily maneuvers through forest trails. Whether you take your snowmobiling seriously, or just for fun, you can't go wrong with Polaris.

Write for free color catalog, Polaris Industries, Research, Minnesota. A Textron Division.



The 350 Sport
290cc JLD engine 16.5 hp

The 350 Super Sport
330cc JLD engine 22 hp

The 500 Super Sport Twin
433cc JLD engine 26 hp



Stay on the move with dependable forged ski spindles, the lowest center of gravity in the industry, and Massey-Ferguson's experienced dealer network for parts and service throughout the snow country.

Ski Whiz.
One ride is worth a thousand words.

For your nearest dealer, see your Ski Whiz dealer, or Massey-Ferguson Industries Limited, Toronto, Ontario.



CANADA REPORT DECEMBER 1969

1960s

The life of the mind

A puritan lot of 1960s movements, chemicals, pacemakers, that were supposed to make you happen. Scientology, transpersonal meditation, node encounter, T-groups, mind-body therapy, behavioral psychiatry, great grape, acid, communal living, macrobiotic diets, progressive therapy, organic farming.



The rise of the lie

The last about what the U-2 was doing over Russia, JFK and about the Central Intelligence Agency's plans to invade Cuba. The UN secretary, Adlai Stevenson, lied some more when the deed was done. A Kennedy aide named Arthur Sylvester coined the term "news management," which means lying to the press in the national interest. LBJ lied about the Gulf of Tonkin "attack," which he used to justify the bombing of North Vietnam; it turned out the total damage was one small bullet hole in the front of a U.S. destroyer. Our favorite lie, though, was the Soviet claim that the Czechs approached Moscow and her uncles "with a request to be transferred to the fraternal Czechoslovak nation, including help by armed forces." All this fibbing goes to something called the Czechoslovak Gap. Namuan Matis, who ran for mayor of New York, tried to narrow it with a magnificently (and unprettily) political slogan: "No More BS."

Deaths: 566,334 North Vietnamese and Vietnamese killed up to October 1969, according to U.S. sources, whose body counts have been known to be inflated. 38,969 U.S. troops dead, uncounted civilians killed on both sides of the border.

Deaths: 300,000 (est.) in one of these obscure little civil wars that nobody nobody

Can see. Life expectancy of Canada's 450,000 Indians and Métis is 34 years, as 71 for all Canadians.

Unnique Survivors



The prophets

At first they were just those four jowly, mop-tops, a demented extreme in instant hysteria like Elvis, Sonny, Valentine and all the rest, but then something unexpected happened. The Beatles were only趋势, they revealed themselves as eminences on the lunch table of a Picnic, perhaps the ultimate problem of the decade. It wasn't just their lyrics, which have entered the language as rarely as Shakespeare's. It

wasn't just their songs, which have been compared, inverted, with Schubert's, it was more than anything their coolness, their searching, their liberated lifestyle, the very look of Paul, George, John and Ringo, that made them the icons of the electronic age. Social historians a hundred years from now will look at our time, and conclude that the Beatles were what really happened in the 1960s. "What do you call that haircut?" a woman inquired. "A 'Beatle'?" replied the Beatle.

Quiz answers

1. Los Angeles, California. 2. Pakistan. 3. Indians that Hitler sent to the Arctic to fight the Russians. 4. The Soviet Arctic. 5. A man who was a member of the crew of the ship that sank the Mayflower. 6. The Mayflower. 7. A peace prize for not selling out. 8. Jacqueline Kennedy. 9. The Patriarchal of Andros. 10. The last of the world's woolly ocelot (now extinct) of which country? 11. The U.S.

Give the gift
of memories
...a perfect gift
from Kodak.



KODAK INSTAMATIC 102 Movie Camera, compact 8 mm reflex with power zoom lens, makes a great gift. Less than \$130.



KODAK INSTAMATIC 102 Movie Projector, shows super 8 as well as regular 8 mm films. Easy to operate with multi-speed projection versatility. Less than \$130.



KODAK INSTAMATIC 124 Camera, low-priced gift, takes clear sharp color slides and prints. Camera body (batteries not included) weighs 1 lb. 10 oz. and measures 5 1/2" x 3 1/2" x 2 1/2".



KODAK 35mm Camera, offers many features including automatic focusing, remote control or completely automatic operation. Gravity feed, assures unopened slide storage. Five models starting at less than \$150.

KODAK INSTAMATIC Reflex Camera (4x 400) Kodak's first reflex camera combines reflex loading with single lens reflex (S.L.R.) electronic shutter for automatic exposures up to 30 seconds. Interchangeable lenses. Less than \$230.

Your first stereo should be good enough to be your last.

There's enough quality in each Panasonic modular stereo component to last a lifetime. And more.

Our stereo give you the big sound, with a not-to-big price tag.

Like our RE-7700C. An FM/AM/FM stereo tuner. With features like: Electronic band tuning. And automatic tuning that lets you switch from one station to another. With super accuracy.

Plus slide controls so you can adjust like professionals do.

And a lot more. Like FST tuner to bring in only one station at a time. And automatically activated AFC tuning that keeps FM from drifting.

And anything you decide to take on more

of the big sound, the RE-7700C's modular jacks will take on tape decks, record changers, and just about anything else that's nice to listen to.

The RE-7700C is just part of the system. We have ten other modular stereo components. From \$109.95 to \$399.95. All with the big quality sound. With built-in cassette players and recorders. With 8-track cartridge players. With built-in record changers. We even have one with an exclusive reel-to-reel stereo tape recorder. All in elegant solid walnut cabinetry.

So go to any Panasonic dealer and spend some time with our stereo components. Your first visit may be your last.

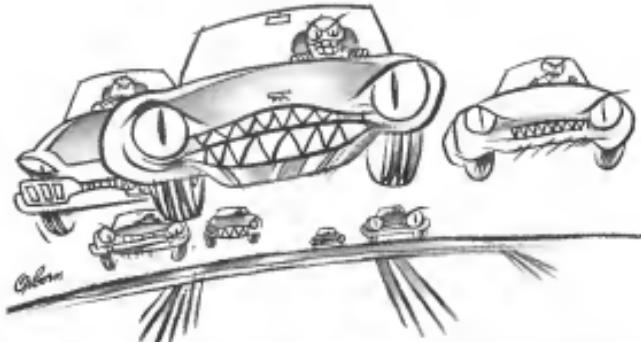
For stereo.



PANASONIC®

just slightly ahead of our time.

PANASONIC - Sheldene, Ontario • Television • Radio • Home Electronics • Appliances • Electronics



With every other driver out to get you, at least your car should be on your side.

Sooner or later you'll find yourself driving down the road thinking you're surrounded by idiots.

And you'll secretly wish you were driving a tank or some giant cement truck in order to make yourself impervious to the madness around you.

These thoughts, of course, are not abnormal. They're simply the ravings of a racist. And could easily lead you to buy a Volvo.

Volvo is designed for the man who recognizes that to DRIVE DEFENSIVELY AND WATCH OUT FOR THE OTHER GUY is the only way to live.

So first, Volvo makes it easy for you to see those who would thwart you in this noble cause.

There are 3500 square inches of glass in a Volvo—more than on many intermediate-sized sedans. So you can see all four corners of the car.

Volvo even comes equipped with rear window defrosters, narrowing the possibility of frosty weather snark attacks from behind.

Next, a Volvo makes you feel at home. This is important because your comfort, or lack of it, affects the way you drive. Volvo has bucket seats, adjustable to an infinite variety of postures. There's even an adjustment for firmness and softness of the seat backs.

Volvo possesses the power to let you enter highway traffic courageously. It's not a feisty little fast-car that can't keep up with traffic.

More important than going is stopping. So

Volvo has four-wheel power disc brakes. Disc brakes resist fading even after repeated emergency stops. And they don't stop working in the rain. One magazine reports Volvo to have, "Quite probably, the best brakes in the world."

Volvo has made allowances for the man who enters your lane at a place you haven't yet vacated. Steering, to precise, four turns back to lock. Most cars require five or five and a half turns. And evasive manuevers performed in slow motion are futile.

Many cars ride as though you're driving on marshmallows. Since you drive on roads, Volvo's suspension is firm. A Volvo doesn't wallow around corners. You drive it, it doesn't drive you.

Perhaps the biggest thing you have on your side when you drive a Volvo is an overall feeling of confidence and well-being. Volvos are built so well that 9 out of every 10 registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.



Things being what they are today, we can't guarantee your Volvo will survive eleven years. But at least we start you off with the odds in your favor.



TALKBACK

NDP: What happened to RG? / Trudeau's top 30, "Everything for Quebec" / Saskatoons Where the people won

RG: A NEW DIRECTION FOR THE NEW DEMOCRATIC LEFT? (Saskatchewan Report) The recent RG election was not won for Social Credit by Premier Bennett's ready-to-please strategy of "nothing to do with it." What happened was that the people of Saskatchewan voted for Social Credit, mainly the solid segment of the NDP here with the trade union movement and the arbitrary way some trade unions acted year in and their negotiations with employers and their conduct of prolonged strikes. The NDP and their supporters debated themselves

as though to do so were two well-promoted and — by now — old fashioned — major political events and almost there. Since they were presented in a popular public, it seemed that the people of Saskatchewan wanted the justice section of Credit or nothing enough to vote credit.

Good word for the Good Life

As an 80-year-old veteran of nearly 40 years in a constant endeavour for Saskatchewan, when they say council I served for 26 years, I express my thanks to Saskatchewan and recent Premier Lumsden for Social Credit. The Good Life City is refreshing to those of us who have worked for the city for most of our lives and a real appreciation of our work, in the sense of the people who have been here to become Mayor of Saskatoon in the early 1950s. I suggest this idea as a platform proposal, but we dropped it as being politically impractical at that time. JOHN CARBON, SASKATOON

The last shall (not) be first

You should demand Mearns, author of *The Prairie Code*, to be held responsible for his book, *The Naked Ages*, the program "Followed" by other authors such as Robert Andrew (Alphonse Gravel and The Provincial Inspector) and Kieran Lortie (The Advocate). Actually, all these books were published before the *Naked Ages*.

Mr. Mearns, you are welcome.

Dr. Johnson is correct. Mearns's report is evolutionary, not revolutionary.

An award for 2 Cities?

Congratulations to Margaret Harris for her report on the Yonkers and Montreal fiction shows, at *Play of 2 Cities*. She deserves an award. If something doesn't come from this famous article, it won't be her fault.

2000 WOMEN, WISCONSIN

A most refreshing article on a people who are not afraid to be a minority, and where, I might add, discrimination is not a place. These people do lighting for three lights and working together can bring remarkable results.

MR. HOWARD HARMELIN, NEW YORK, NY

As a guest Yank. Saskatchewan comes favorably with most my system (USA) city of life. It is an oasis of progress, culture and education opportunity in a desert of ignorance and dubious local wisdom — MR. O. HENRY, NEW YORK, NY

6. You showed a picture of students and described them as Roy K. Lester's. I think that they were born from St. John's School of Alberta. They had come from Red Deer, AB, down the Red Deer River to the mouth of the South Saskatchewan River. From there, they went up to the North Saskatchewan River, this is where I was born in Prince Albert. I know I was the successor of one of the oldest schools around Saskatchewan, namely St. Agnes College, Edmonton.

6. Since reading your article, with such a setup in Alberta, the government presents itself to support it. Now they can't afford to do that and to half with the rest of Canada. So because we, the rest of Canada, are looking forward to no interest being shown in our affairs, let us go where we can't find the data and the description what they are like. Quebec. Quebec's a separate entity. Look at the map and those rivers, the big a GLANCE, VANCOUVER

6. Obviously, our government policy is under the direction of the powerful, comfort the young men. Since it's unlikely that

Spread the 'Revelst'

Congratulations on *Payette Arrest*. You did a service for all Canadian taxpayers, and Maclean's readers should send their copies, suitably marked up, to their political representatives. Politicians must be reminded they are public servants. M. J. T. RICHARD, MONTREAL

'Sensible' — too soon

Senator Keith Deller's idea of turning Tom Iano and Morris into pensioners (Playfair is a really new word) was a wise suggestion to help the Alberta government to become more water of Tom in the early 1950s. I suggest this idea as a platform proposal, but we dropped it as being politically impractical at that time. SASKATCHEWAN, SASKATOON

Trueblue trusts . . .

It is interesting to note that of the 30 Miss Trudeau Trusts, 19 are from Quebec. It certainly explains a lot. Let's see, next election? SEN. J. CARTER, OTTAWA

6. We Walter Stewart trying to give *Trueblue* a chance. I think it's about time for the *Trueblue* to be born. I think it's about time for the *Trueblue* to be born. MR. CLIFFORD GUNNISON, CREST, BC



'Revelst' on the river? No, boys of St. John's School of Alberta "I was the successor

continued on page 109

This unique camera makes pros... Konica Autoreflex T.

In designing the Konica Autoreflex T, our engineers had but one idea in mind: to make the finest single lens reflex camera in the world.

What they produced was a camera unique in its class. Unique for its revolutionary new mechanism—combined Through-The-Lens and automatic exposure control system—that gives perfect exposure automatically without needle watching in the viewfinder. Its TTL metering system is variable and adjusts precisely to any focal length of interchangeable lenses used—from wide angle to telephoto.

Put Konica's superb line of accessories and incomparable Meiman lenses, acknowledged by pros everywhere to be the finest. The Konica Autoreflex T is a camera that makes pros...and can make amateurs like pros. All this with it with confidence. See it at your nearest Konica dealer soon.

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they have experienced poverty, insecurity or discrimination, it is unrealistic to believe that they can truly understand or concern the problems of Canadians suffering under those conditions.

WILLIAM DICKINSON, MUNICH, ALTA.

8. We in Manitoba know our hometowns tops will have wide roads, and that picture of Marshall Craven you published correctly does not look like Craven. Marshall Craven was never in World War II or the Crown who served at the US while a member of Canada's External Affairs Department. How about a picture of the real Marshall Craven? And while you're at it, tell us who the man is in whose picture you published in issue CHARLES BRACK, WINNIPEG



BRACK

CRAVEN

RONALD RAYMOND is correct. The published photo (page 10) is not of the real Dr. David Landsburgh Thomas, my professor out of McGill University at the time of his death, October 20, 1964. The real Marshall Craven is shown above right. Marshall's son gave the permission to use Mr. Craven

The forgotten children*

I would like you on a fine article, "The Child Of The Atom," I, too, am one of the "forgotten children." At 26 years of age, married with one child, I still carry the emotional scars from living with an alcoholic parent growing up. The man I married later became an alcoholic. I have found in AA-their love and friends I have been missing for so long. I am so grateful to know that the family is not in blame for the actions of the alcoholic. Once we realize this, our feelings of guilt gradually disappear and we find compassion for the suffering alcoholic. At long last I am truly happy and live life to the full.

(MARGIE WEDDELL, SAINT JOHN, NB)

9. I am 39 and have been going to Alcoholics Anonymous for the past year. My parent has not changed at stopped drinking, but through Alcoholics I have changed. I know now that alcoholism is a disease and I have learned to accept it as such. The problem is, however, I don't see other children still here from a new way of life through this wonderful program. — (DORIS WEDDELL) EDMONTON, AB

10. This dynamic attitude will create many lessons. As the headlined wile of an accident, I watched two of my "Sorority" children leave home in the middle of the night, an early departure from home, too hurried and haphazard to know where or how to seek help for our family.

(DORIS WEDDELL, SAINT JOHN, NB) □

The daily routine. Hurried. Harried. On the run. Wouldn't it be nice to have an Escape Machine?



1970 Olds Delta 88 Royale, youngmobile thinking opens up the big-car world.

A nice place to be, the big-car world of Oldsmobile. Roomy. Relaxing. Very, very elegant. Turn the key and a Rocket 455 V-8 comes on strong in the performance department. And

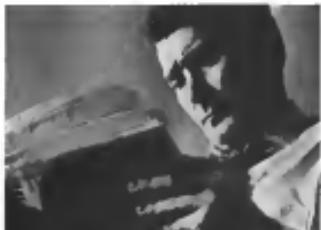
stays strong—thanks to a new Oldsmobile exclusive. Positive Valve Rotations. Vinyl top. Fender Couvers. Pushtrimp. They're all standard also. You can even order a weather/wiper

control conveniently built into the gear selector lever—and other thoughtful idea from Oldsmobile Delta 88 Royale, one of 29 great Escape Machines for 1970. See them all at your Olds dealer's

Oldsmobile: Escape from the ordinary.



**With CANADA MANPOWER CENTRES,
you've got more than just
the want ads working for you.**



At over 300 Canada Manpower Centres across Canada, you've got 3,300 counsellors working to find you the best job, or the best person for a job.

For you employers, we do more than help fill jobs you may ask us to fill. We keep alert to manpower supply and demand situations. We help you plan to meet your manpower needs, and adjust to the effects of technological change. We want to hear from you.

If you're looking for a job, or a better one, we give you personal attention. And we help get you to see employers with jobs. We placed 700,000

people last year, sometimes in another city or town.

If you need to learn a trade or upgrade your skill, we can often finance it. Last year, we made training and retraining possible for 300,000 people.

We work to get you a better paying, more productive job. And we work to make your company work better.

Call on us. Remember, with CANADA MANPOWER CENTRES, you've got more than just the want ads working for you.

DEPARTMENT OF MANPOWER AND IMMIGRATION
The Hon. Allen J. MacEachen, Minister



CANADA MANPOWER CENTRES
A Service of the Government of Canada

Scotch for people who know the difference.



Now more Canadians enjoy BLACK & WHITE than any other Scotch Whisky.





This is Harold Cardinal, a Cree and perhaps the most charismatic Indian leader since Cochise. He is telling you...

WHAT THE CANADIAN INDIAN WANTS FROM YOU

“The Canadian mosaic supposedly allows for the growth of different cultural groups as the basis for building a better Canada... The stronger the tiles within the mosaic, the stronger the mosaic as a whole. Before I can be a usefully participating citizen I must be allowed to develop a sense of pride and confidence in myself as an Indian. I must be allowed to be a red tile in the mosaic, not forced to become an unseen white tile.”

BY JON RUDDY

Photographs by JIM TUSTUM

A Cree chief named Big Bear renounced the Indian Treaty of 1876 and assembled a band of moccads who would not serve on the reserves. These simple people did not understand that the vanishing

buffalo could no longer find them. They could not know that they were the last natives of the plains to experience the consolation of the New World and to move into the awful responsibility of time. Early in 1885, hungry and faced with a government ultimatum, they began to save Indians and horses in the religious debacles of Louis Riel, the Métis leader. On April 2 some influential young leaders ignored the moderate counsel of Big Bear and massacred the white people of Frog Lake, a leader that produced no other news for 84 years.

The same Indians named Frog Lake as a preschool class east from Ed蒙aosis, near the Saskatchewan border. On September 8 Robert Brashfield became the first important white man ever to visit the strangled, one-earred, unbreathy people. There to meet him were half the band's 379 Treaty Indians and Harold Cardinal, president of the Indian Association of Alberta.

The people had come from small frame houses on horse-drawn wagons and rattling cars over dirt roads that were deep-cut and washed out in the bottoms, the men wearing shiny suits or bright, stiff, blue jeans and plaid shirts, the women cotton dresses in the primary colors. Cardinal had driven from Ed蒙aosis in a borrowed Toyota with a thermos of coffee in his sole. Brashfield, who was on a four-day swing with his entourage through northern Alberta and Saskatchewan, had been persuaded to stop in to present demands from the band council to three high-school students. Before he could get away, the Opposition Leader was subjected to an inflammatory, 30-minute speech by Harold Cardinal, the first 60 minutes of which were an untranslateable Cree.

At 34, Cardinal is the most articulate, perhaps already the

INDIANS continued

most powerful Indian leader in Canada. Ask an Alberta酋長 about him and he'll say firmly, "Harold is a good boy." A Stanfield aide named Jim Clark has a more sophisticated estimate. During Cardinal's address in Cree, he whispered to an acquaintance, a little wistfully, that the Indians had "an fine a political instinct as I've ever seen." At a table Cardinal had honored the tribal uniqueness of the dri-peep Frog Lake head — most members of which can speak English — and had disengaged his raised pride, but was aware of Great White Fathers from Ottawa. The Indians liked Cardinal and his speech. Their eyes were bright; it was as though the natural, mysterious words were injected into their veins. But two local MPs, who had turned up to cultivate Stanfield rather than the Frog Lakes, looked progressively uncomfortable, seemed, bored, impatient, annoyed and irritated. And an agent from the Indian Affairs branch noticed that Cardinal was being "Official" again. "He's an expert," the agent added dryly.

Cardinal has been known as difficult ever since he dropped out of university in 1967 to devote himself full-time to Indian politics. There's no doubt that he is difficult; he has consistently refused to fit in with government experts who problem-solve, know what's good for him, and imagine he is not. Rather, he has been about totally predictable. Whether he is being difficult about hunting rights, medicare payments or the god of Ottawa's new Indian policy, all you have to do is anticipate. Cardinal is cut yourself — what is most desirable from an angry Indian's point of view. Not a white-liberal's point of view or a middle-class Minto point of view, but the point of view of an educated, traditional treaty Indian whose ancestors were pushed around, slaughtered and exiled and who now is out to get what he can for his people.

He wants complete medical coverage paid by the federal government, free and adequate educational facilities and the removal of all restrictions from what Indians believe are their natural hunting, fishing and trapping rights. Cardinal also wants land and money. He points out that one treaty promised 400 acres for every family of five, or 160 acres for a single man. Instead of which, most of Alberta's 26,072 treaty Indians are crowded on 41 reserves, and 9,000 of them live on welfare. Cardinal is an advocate of Indian-owned business, weighty industry and responsible farming. He wants Ottawa to provide the capital and leadership of other supposed treaty rights he quotes as Indian losses in northern Alberta: "Does the government expect us to farm our land with our fingers?"

Cardinal believes that the impetus for what he hopes will be a quiet Indian revolution must come from the native people themselves. But, he adds, "There must be a revolution in the minds of what people to break down the barriers, the misconceptions, the bigotry and the racism. Do white people want us continually to rely on welfare for a bare existence? Do they want us to live in seclusion so that we can continue to fulfill the psychological needs of white do-gooders who feel they are pleasing God by sending us secondhand clothes?"

His poised instinct and his speaking facility for being difficult have made Cardinal the unanticipated leader of Alberta's treaty Indians and the Great Red Hope of Can-

ada. Cardinal has as fine a political instinct as I've ever seen," says an aide of Robert Stanfield's, wistfully

ada's native peoples. His book, *The Unjust Society*, scheduled for a late-November release by Edmonton publisher Mel Hading, sold more than 16,000 copies in advance. By Christmas, Cardinal will be the most widely read Canadian Indian since Prime Minister John Diefenbaker was already seeking him out. Stanfield initiated a private meeting during his western trip. Many Indians on the reserves near either his youth and his high school education. "He speaks well in Cree and in English," said a Frog Lake grandmother. And, with unswayed emotion, "Ah, he's a fine young fellow."

In Hollywood, Cardinal would scarcely be cast as a native hero. He's tall and dark-haired, easy but quick to angry a laugh. He looks like a boy who has not yet lost his puppy fat. His speech is soft and hesitant — except in front of an audience. When it is with and around In Cree or English he has the gift of Denebahnness. As an Alberta Indian Party convert a year ago in Calgary, he recovered a 10-month straying aviator, Mr. Flying Crowe. His separation from the CIEC was the most dramatic Indian split since Cooness. He wears his beaded buckskin jacket proudly, like a feather, but has a downtown Edmonton apartment whose most conspicuous piece of furniture is a large and expensive color-television set. He disparages Indian Affairs bureaucrats but himself talks of "responsible Indians" and "visible alternatives" and has spent an inordinate amount of time setting up office systems and chains of command within his own organization.

Like all treaty Indians, Cardinal has been torn by wildly divergent cultures. Raised as the Sucker Creek reserve near the southwest shore of Lesser Slave Lake, he was one of 16 children, eight of whom died as infants. He has no knowledge of his ancestry. "We think more of the future than of the past," he says, flouting his fine temple. "I was extremely well treated by my folks and my brothers and sisters. I guess I was a little spoiled because the ones born before us died. The worst thing that ever happened to me was when I was sent away to residential school."

This was a Roman Catholic Indian school 32 miles from the reserve. Cardinal spent 10 years there, which, he says, "conditioned me to the way I live about things." He found the bleak segregation oppressive. "There was a lot of preaching about brotherly love, but none was shown to me." Today, Cardinal's eyes brighten darkly at the very mention of the white-man's church, and the most vaticinal chapter of his book is about massacres. "If the Great Spirit is dead, the Indian knows who killed him," it begins.

He left school for washdays and summer vacation. Cardinal served as an interpreter at band council meetings. (His father, who speaks on English, was chief of the Sucker Creek reserve for many years.) The involvement was enough to prompt the boy to continue his education — not, however, at the band church school.

"I told the priest I was leaving and he got very frantic. He said that I was irresponsible and that I would not be able to get along in the city. At that time no student from the



INDIANS continued

man had successfully attended a white high school. He predicted that I would come back in a couple of months, begging for readmission. I stated that my father was glad, however. He said it was my decision. Then he said, "You know, if you come home as a dropout, you won't settle for the life we have." My old father is a proof that you don't have to be educated to be wise."

Cardinal, who at 55 had never seen a city, made a tour of Edmonton's St. Francis Xavier High School, bemoaning with a congenial white couple found by Indian Affairs. The government gave him eight dollars a month spending money. "Two dollars kept me going," he says. "What the priest said, and what my father said." During his final year at high school, Cardinal was elected president of the student council. A teacher recalls him as bright, resourceful, liberal and a remarkably moving speaker in student assemblies. By this time he had decided to commit himself to the Indian cause.

At St. Patrick's College, then part of the University of Ottawa, Cardinal majored in sociology but spent most of his energy on Indian affairs organizations. He took a year off in 1965 to work for the Canadian Union of Students, crusading the country from coast to coast and meeting other young Indian activists. He married a pretty Cost Sibah girl from Vancouver Island, whom he'd met in Winnipeg at a Canadian Indian Youth Council workshop. (They now have a year-old son.) At the end of the 1965-66 term Cardinal dropped out of college to work for the then-stagnant Indian Association of Alberta. Astonishingly, he was voted in as president a month later. He was 23.

"I cannot guarantee you too many things," Cardinal told the association. "Transcripts? No. I can quickly organize a team of 15 trained field representatives to have with the hopefully funds. Within a year or two put 25,000 students in his station wagon, merrily driving from meeting to speech to powwow. He built new office space and staff in Edmonton and revised the constitution, elaborating — and inflaming — a white advisory group ("Whites again have to act under the guidance of Indians," he says). He also sparked a National Indian Brotherhood magazine of the Manitoba-based Indian-Eskimo Association ("Coticie Transborders"). He stripped off the board of an Education-based agency to market Jamescrusts at a fine rate of loans, having failed to establish Indian credit. ("Although the manager was practically an Indian, whites predominated on the board and had only a superficial understanding of the role of headteachers in our culture.") Mel Herring, Cardinal's publisher, thoughtfully suggested:

A relation moderate in the Red Power structure who finds the machinations of Kahn-Tinten-Herr, for example, embarrassing, Cardinal nonetheless practices a more militant role for his people. His primary goal is self-determination despite "politics of assimilation and oppression," while supremacists

“We want the same as you, a better chance for our children, the option to choose our own pathway.”



ramism," "unscrupulous bureaucratism," "bigotry" and "attempts to keep us weak and fragmented." Indians must solve their own problems with white resources, he says, because we have 100 years of history to prove that we can't look to the federal government or the oligarchs for salvation."

Cardinal, his main concern is the persistence of what might be called a Red Paper, a collection of Indian committee proposals in a White Paper tabled in June by Indian Affairs Minister Jean Chétien. Cardinal believes that Ottawa's new policy — which would separate the Indian Act, transfer Indian Affairs from federal to provincial jurisdiction and eliminate separate legal status for Indians — threatens the rights and adoption of an earlier parchment treaty rights, even with "qualified protection." These chapters of *The Upper Society* are anathema to the policy and of past government consultations with Indian groups, which, says Cardinal, "should expand at the present hypothesis," save the White Paper was conceived before Indian views could be collated.

Charles disagrees. "I was making judgments while they were telling to me," the minute ago. He insists that the government will respect indigenous treaty rights and negotiate just settlements for land that has been taken away from the Indians and is return for the phasing out of such degrading anomalies as assault victims as the providers of sick visits and leave. Te Cardinal's charge that he is a native nationalist taken in by conservative readings, Charles replies, "It's true that I was not the Minister of Indian Affairs before, so I had much to learn. I visited 30 reserves in an marks and was absolutely available in Ottawa. To Blaikie and all Indians I have said only what I found in my tests. Indians told me, 'Let us make the decisions.' Now we want to turn the reserves over to the Indians. Harold has always been against the Department. We want to phase it out. I know that Harold is working very hard for his people. We can disagree, but I am a bit surprised by his attack in the book."

Sum and substance of Cardinal's political posture, the book could scarcely be more proudly if no jukka were displayed with paraplegic golf, Treaty education, welfare, religion — left-brained rigidity and bigotry in every area of confrontation are boldly and, on the whole, tellingly detailed. He demonstrates how even those whites who have voted will have close bonds by the Indian, and why such sessions phrases as "four true founding peoples" alienate the few Canadians. "As long as Indian people are exposed to racism, what they are not — who they are — there is no room which they can successfully participate in Canadian society," he writes. "Before I can be a truly participating and contributing citizen I must be allowed to further develop a sense of pride and confidence in respect to an Indian. I must be allowed to be a real life in the Canadian mosaic, not forced to become an insets and misplaced white life." □

1970: JUMP-OFF YEAR FOR THE SKIING MILLION



BY MARJORIE HARRIS

THERE'S A MYTH in skiing circles that says, "If you can get them by 10, you've hooked them for life." Unfortunately, that wasn't true for me. I skied for eight years, from age 10 to 18. In that period I twisted both knees and both ankles, never changed my skin, only bought bigger boots when I absolutely had to, I got lots of lots, but I never did learn to ski, and never quite recovered from the paralyzing terror of just going down a hill with eyes shut, nose chirping.

My kind of skier — inept, but no lie bunny — barely exists any more, thank heaven. In the early 1960s, when I skied, there weren't many people on the slopes. Most of them were Europeans with a relaxed tolerance toward inverted skiers like myself. It's all changed. Today we're right in the middle of a huge ski boom. There are almost a million Canadian skiers, and they increase their numbers by about 17 percent annually. That's a banner by anybody's standards. And that figure does not take into account the American tourists who flock north to enjoy our super-skiing conditions. Nor does it include the, as yet, uncoupled thousands whose lifestyles and incomes are affected by the ski industry: the lift operators, the clubs, the hotel, motel and lodge

operators, their entertainers and employees, the ski shops, the clothing stores, the governments that make huge sums of money on liquor consumed, and the customs and excise taxes on imported ski goods, or the Canadian subsidiaries of ski-equipment manufacturers.

Keith Nesbitt, general manager of the CASA (Canadian Amateur Ski Association) estimates that skiers alone buy 15 million gallons of gas each winter, and spend incalculable sums on groceries, house, furnishings, equipment and skis. "A place like Sutton, Quebec," he for-instance, "would be a depressed town if it weren't for the ski area near there. Skiing contributes to every aspect of its commercial life during the winter months. In fact, the Laurentians would be dead without ski dollars."

Skiing as a national obsession is somewhat ahead of golf and boating, which was once Canada's biggest participatory sport. And it has shot ahead of curling, the only real rival skiing has in winter sports.

Skiing didn't become a national sport overnight. After the war it limped along in the minor leagues. In 1956 Lucile Wheeler won Canada's first Olympic medal for skiing and in the following year sales of ski equipment went up 20 percent. The



THE SKING MILLION continued

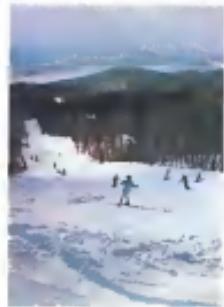
sport stayed on the beginner slopes in the 1950s, but headed for faster runs when Anne Hegerty won her Olympic gold medal in 1960. That event paved the way for the hysterical adulation of Nancy Greene and her second World Cup in 1968. The CSA estimates that the number of Nancy Greene Ski League members in junior racing programs started last year to train children from eight to 13 for competition will double this year from 3,000 to 6,000 because of her influence.

Government agencies, with a few exceptions, have more or less ignored skiing until this season. Quebec's Bureau of Tourism has been targeted in the business of keeping tabs on skiing. They've found that the 10 areas in the Laurentians alone that have received the most attention from tourists are the most popular in the province.

In 1964, the Ontario government conducted the only survey of skiing, or doing. Business has been so good that they've updated their figures this year. These research shows that 50 percent of the people who ski are university-educated; the average income of an unskinned skier is \$5,156, a skinned skier, \$10,036. Two-thirds of the skiers are male; the average age is 27. 25.4 percent are involved in postsecondary, 24.4 percent are students and 6.4 percent are in managerial positions. Seventy-five percent of those skiing today have taken it up within the past 10 years, and Ontario has approximately 100,000 skiers spending \$20 million annually. Every skier in Ontario is a revenue earner and you have \$100 million in equipment and ski gear there.

This year the federal government's Travel Bureau is up to its neck in the skiing business. It produced a brochure, "Ski Canada," by its ski expert, Tony Sloane, and distributed 200,000 copies in the U.S.

Some "experts" believe it's time to end the sport for similar reasons. As Nancy Greene puts it, "When there are 10 peaks in sight and the sun is shining on powder snow, it's incredible — you can put things in their proper perspective. It's something that can be successful in the cruel Canadian winter, and you get to meet a lot of interesting people." They say what skiers don't realize is that the sport is sprouting to fast among the middle class. As business not just an outlet for making social contacts, but important for business contacts, too. Results, though, it's a matter of escaping the city and seeing some of the most breathtakingly beautiful landscapes in the world. It was like that when I wasn't learning how to ski, and it is like that today.



Locations: 50 areas from Labrador to the Bugaboos

Canada offers every variety of skiing. There are more than 50 major ski areas in the country. Cross-country skiing is popular, so even if there aren't great hills in your neighborhood, there will probably be snow at least. Cross country doesn't have the same kind of glamour as downhill, but the fresh air and the sporting qualities are the same.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Garibaldi's Whistler Mountain is making a bid for the 1976 Winter Olympics. Its promoters have spent almost half a million dollars already in lobbying its case to be decided in May and they have spectacular plans. It has the highest lift-serviced vertical drop in North America (6,280 feet). Parts of the mountain are accessible only by helicopter at tree-top level. But that's not enough, says Garibaldi's marketing director. The area is already under way or planned for future grants. Revelstoke Mountain, Powder Mountain and Whistler Ridge. The interior of the province has six other major areas, plus the Bugaboos made famous most recently by holiday visits from Prime Minister Trudeau and Nancy Greene. The Bugaboos are accessible only by helicopter and the lifts accommodate 30 people. As one adict puts it, "You'd have to take someone else along to prove there could be anything better than that."

ALBERTA: The province has five major areas. Superb skiing almost everywhere. In the process. This year for the first time Banff Springs Hotel and Jasper Park Lodge will be open to the public, and doors will be skiers. They planned a grand opening last year of the ski lounge. Control of the Lake Louise area was purchased a year ago by a group of Canadian-skiing

businessmen, who promise to make it one of 150 commercial resorts. The biggest resort area in Canada — in SASKATCHEWAN. A surging perhaps, but areas of big hills and cool blues that's it's Saskatchewan has three major areas. The Badger in the Souris Valley, a number of lesser hills in the Belcarra area on the northern slopes of the Rockies, and the banks of Black Sheep Lake near Saskatoon and more complex, each year. Several areas are still plagued with a lack of lifts and the proximity of the areas often a unique opportunity to ski free hills on one ticket. Mount She Anne, a 10,000-foot mount, has the last natural snowfall of the year in August.

ATLANTIC PROVINCES: Much new work has been done in the past five years, and thousands have gone old-craggy. The season is from January to April. There are nine major areas here in Newfoundland, two in

east and west, all 21 major ski areas in the Laurentians and Gaspéas, and in the other 12 located in the Eastern Townships and Quebec City area. The Quebec area is known for its great snow and the proximity of the areas often a unique opportunity to ski free hills on one ticket. Mount She Anne, a 10,000-foot mount, has the last natural snowfall of the year in August.

ONTARIO: Eight major areas with a total area in the country. You can count on

New Brunswick, the rest in Nova Scotia. Accommodation is scarce but lodgers can be rented for the season and chalets take in skiers on the weekends. The most popular area is the Muskoka area. Ontario's biggest the Iron Ore Co. of Canada, is opening a ski hill and it is highly successful. For the first time this year, an outfit called Skivac is making it possible for ski organizations to charter suburban flights at reduced rates. Their destination is western Canada and they hope to convince clubs that might have gone to the U.S. and Europe, to fly to our own magnificent resorts instead.



Garb: anyone's a Greene or Kelly... if it's not chilly

With 4 million skiers heading for the slopes, the lineup begins in August. In November: the over-the-top pants. From

L to R: Spanish ski suit from Stroob & Quarles, \$165; Great Eagle jumpsuit, \$95; Hancke ski boots; men's suit by Head, \$180; from Stroob & Quarles; Long Johns from Marsonians, Toronto, \$165; Great Eagle 3 piece suit from Eaton's, \$70.



Mores: the skiing graces have their ups and downs

1 Skiers always tell you how easy it is to make contacts on the slopes. Don't believe it. They are a giddy lot and they've made appointments to meet on the hills. Blurred sheets don't mix with singles, who don't mix with recent atavists, who just have to get along as best they can. But this does not necessarily apply to women.

2. **Menfies** are everywhere, an inevitable females who want to ski. They all sit crooking as bastards are any where cross, boring and dull.

3 Remember that the guy who looks super sleek in ski gear isn't going to look nearly as good in less well-tailored clothes. Be prepared.

4. Don't wear a wig on the hill. It's embarrassing when it gets caught on his ski pole.

5. A married woman who falls on the slopes should whip her wedding ring off with her glove, or she will never get any help.

6. The biggest problem is the left fine scabs and little holes will try and muscle their way ahead of you just because they can. It doesn't mean the same man can't muscle his way to high back.

7. If you think you are come down the hill — they are. Behind those innocentable grins they are being hypercritical. Skiers by nature are analytical.

8. Give any 30-blade the arched ski through lunch. You will have to compete only with hotshots and pros.

9. Before it even looks like you spent three hours hanging around a good ski shop, stop picking up the esoteric jargon. Otherwise, you'll spend your time thinking that "charmer" (the name a ski makes at high speed) means "apres-ski group."

10. If you break a leg, remember, you can spend the rest of the winter at the lodges living about your accident and enjoying winter at its best.



A tyro's muses: lessons, money, trust and medicare

1. Trust your doctor. Skier-friends are invaluable. But all skiers consider themselves experts, so don't let them influence you unduly. Find a professional expert who will know what's right for you.

2. Boots must be fitted by an expert, and that's where the biggest share of your ski costs should go. If your feet aren't comfortable, you won't enjoy the sport or make much progress. Buy for your level of accomplishment.

3. **Skis**: The old saw that your skis should

be as long as the distance required by holding your arm up to full height is a lot of hooey. Your height, weight and ability determine the size of skis you should buy. Most dealers now manufacture shorter skis for the tyro — they give more flexibility and thus make learning easier. The short, sharp ski is great fun for learning but not much else.

4. **Bindings**: You must have a binding that releases from both a twisting fall and a straightforward fall. Mine it custom set.

5. **Money**: A beginner who isn't sure how often he will ski can rent initially, or be outfitted costs reasonably. Mine on \$40-\$60 for boots plus wood skis, minus

bindings and poles in the \$10-\$10 range. The new epoxy boots at \$150 are for those who are super-hands and competent, but spending \$100 on a pair of boots is a solid investment. Head's test buyer also offers lifetime support and you will improve faster with them. Excellent resale value if you break a leg, or change your mind.

6. **Lessons**: Try to take at least a group of three lessons to get over the basics. A full week at a ski school is preferable.

7. **Join a ski club**: You can get a complete ski school package reasonably, you'll make contacts fast, find cheaper accommodation, but break through one. There are almost 300 clubs allied with the CSA alone.



Rachelle's Viking first Asics, \$175, has a costly new interlock boot for apres-ski. It's on a prent Gerisch binding, \$60. Both from Wiegmann's Toronto. Table from Aerostar

Ski types: pros, snow addicts, bunnies and bums

Every sport has its byrns. Perhaps because skiing is a group adventure, they are easy to identify and label, even for non-skiers.

THE PRO: Unless you are early in the morning you won't see any of the elite corps of the Canadian Ski Instruction's Alliance. They will be giving lessons and are considered among the best in the world at doing so. The CSA has 1,893 members and when it held its conference in Toronto recently many Americans came to go to know their Canadian counterparts and to get the word on the Canadian technique, which is uniform across the country. Many of the pros have opened specialty shops. They test all the equipment they sell at least a year in advance, some spend a lot of time on different slopes during the season. Some schools and clubs conduct tests to compare in special package deals. The competitiveness is encouraging in all equipment, they say.

THE RECREATIONAL SKIER: Families are becoming almost 65 percent of the skiers in the resort areas. It's astonishing how many kids are barreling around in expensive clothes and mod equipment. While skiing is a car sport, it's ideal for family outings. You can tell the family skiers by the patience they display. At first the kids refuse to ski, then they outstrip the adults. They also sleep all the way home while the Old Men jettison traffic and snow and aches. Family rates at clubs are so attractive that families can ski inexpensively. The family skier tends to take holidays at Christmas and Easter — a time the smart singles avoid the slopes at all possible.

THE SKI BUNNY: Looks absolutely gorgeous in ski clothes but never emerges from the lodge. Not as many around these days as there used to be. Skiers are serious.

equipment and wears the most outlandish clothes — neoprene suits, leather vests and jeans. He sits fast, jabs and goes. He always wears the same coat and goes to the same place. He can't be easily recognized. He can't be easily recognized in the European trip show, yet is credibly well-informed. The kind of guy who will give a salesman the two hours before the season opens and check back with him over the telephone. He might have him as an addit. If he gets a job or a ski job, it'll be a job.

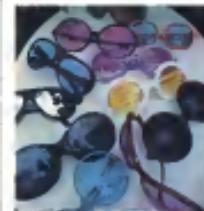
THE SKI BUM: Sometimes he (or she) is a student who inadvertently drops out of high school or university. He goes skiing on his Christmas holidays and just can't stop. He's saddle up real bad. One, an Albertan, is a plowman all summer, works double time and the season starts and then, bang, his last pack on the tools and skis for the winter. Maybe five, six or 10 ski bums will rent a lodge and bunk in together for the season, taking any job low aperture, bus boys, waitresses — anything to keep eating. Goodness, more.

THE AGENT: In the 25-and-up age, and financial bracket, there's a skier. The mad or maniac who can hold down a very responsible job but, once the season starts, has weekends slashed from Thursday to Tuesday without any seeming shakeup in the job. The future owner of a super chalet, maybe even a resort. Possessor of the latest in \$300 skis. The kind of person who changes gear every two years at most, who has opinions on the latest equipment over before the season begins, spends his holidays gazing in Canada or Europe and more recently, the Appalachians.

THE HOTSHOT: This is the guy he drives his car fast. Sports the newest gear stickings and poles in the \$10-\$10 range. The new epoxy boots at \$150 are for those who are super-hands and competent, but spending \$100 on a pair of boots is a solid investment. Head's test buyer also offers lifetime support and you will improve faster with them. Excellent resale value if you break a leg, or change your mind.

Warm-up suits: staying warm while looking cool

Skiers who wouldn't have been caught in a January looking, warm-up suit, last year are now accepting them on masse. L to R: Fair coat \$475, jumpsuit \$135 green suit \$130 by Head Sportswear, men's 2-piece warm-up by Funtex \$165 — all from Shredder & Quarles. Montreal. Below top: Sunspel's 20th Anniversary provide a skier's one touch of glamour. Bottom: London's new epoxy boot is a best seller. Thunderbird \$125. □



THE DEATH OF A SEAGULL

BY JON RUDDY

IT IS NOT POSSIBLE to say when the gull began to die. Perhaps the beginning was inside a grey shell splattered with brown and black in a coarse nest of roots and grass, for the poison is in every living thing. But after 21 days there was a tapping noise and a cracking and straggling at the bed, wet and srawny and eager, because a part of the world.

The gull was born hungry for fish flesh, where the poison is concentrated. It ate voraciously and one day in mid-summer left the nest, flapped into the air and streaked away. The brown bird knew instinctively how to glide on thermals, how to descend feet-first and pluck dead fish from the surface of the water. On and over the water and the shore it survived a winter and another and another. It molted once a year and turned white by degrees, and its pinkish legs turned yellow.

The fourth summer was the last. In late July and early August a new generation of birds leaves the nests and food becomes scarce. Under stress, the mature gull begins to burn up its body fat, where the poison was stored. And there must have been a moment when, wheeling and mewling over the water, it felt the first festinating squeeze of pins.

Dichloro-diphenyl-trichloro-ethane is a pink powder with a fresh fruity smell, like a wet field in March. Mixed with water and sprayed onto the air, DDT kills



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SSEAGULL continued

bugs with unusual efficiency. The parasite was developed during World War II to control body lice. It has since been used whenever insects are unable to escape a parasite to become a pest. Sun Fund's new parasite, the DDT mite, is a extremely stable compound with a long half-life, that it accumulates in soil and water and that some of it may be passed on to water and cause damage to man. As long ago as 1946 two U.S. authorities warned that it was a potential menace to wildlife. Nobody listened.

The gull was the victim of a terrible catastrophe that has become apparent in the past five years. It declined because

traces of the pesticide in water were absorbed by phytoplankton. That minute plankton ate the first link in a food chain of which the gull was the last. The amount of phytoplankton in each link, however, has a graded chemical structure, so first minute size of it was exploded by the heat loads as waste.

This is biological magnification. The phytoplankton contained one part per billion of DDT. The larval and adult forms of copepods that consumed it stored one part per million in their flesh. The minnows that ate the insect larva accumulated three or four parts per million, and the bigger fish —

pike, bass, gilahead, bowfin—that preyed on the minnows, ate at 10 to 10 parts DDT per million, 4000 times greater than the water.

The young died and horribly. The DDT in its body fat, which积蓄ed between 50 and 100 parts per million, was released in minute doses during the time of stress and hunger. The poison inhibited the central nervous system. For several hours there was a thrashing and struggling. There were many convulsions. Finally the gull fell onto the surface of the water. The head sank under the water. The perfect wings beat once, twice, and were still. □

had the general use of DDT starting January 1. The U.S. Department of Agriculture has forbidden to own personnel to use the pesticide pending further study. Its use is still unrestricted in one Canadian province, federal Health Minister John Munro has pointed out that human intake has not yet reached hazardous levels.

The statement is only debatable. While noting the U.S. government's indecision, Dr. Chant said the DDT may depress human reproductive rates after human behavioral patterns and cause cancer. Researchers in Florida, for example, discovered that cancer victims almost invariably carry higher levels of DDT than their body fat than do the victims of stomach (107,000,000 pounds of DDT stored in Ontario in 1968, 123,000 pounds were used to control the tobacco cutworm in Norfolk County. "The link between tobacco and cancer may be DDT," says Dr. Chant flatly. He is distressed that the Ontario ban does not include tobacco control.)

The disastrous effect of DDT on many forms of wildlife has been all too graphically documented — and ignored. Chemical breakdowns in animal reproduction are the most common toll. "At least 150 bird species in North America are threatened with local extinction," says Dr. Chant. "Consequently, all children are now laying eggs with no shells at all, just plastic bags left over." The deer tick, ticks in northern Ontario's Lakes, Marshes and Swamp, have been devastated by DDT, used extensively by commercial pest-control operators to combat mosquitoes. The gaseous fum is simply no longer capable of reproduction. Only massive reviving campaigns by the Department of Lands and Forests have averted local

extinction. The best proof is that three parts DDT per million disrupts the reproductive cycle of the lake trout, one Muskoka catch in 1967 averaged 27 parts per million.

Even if the pesticides were banned by the government, however, much of it would remain in the environment for years and perhaps generations. George M. Woodwell, a U.S. researcher made a prolonged study of a forest in New Brunswick where DDT spraying had been discontinued in 1955. He discovered that, in the three years between then and 1965, DDT content of the soil increased from half a pound to about two pounds per acre. "Apparently," he concluded, "the DDT residues were carried to the ground very slowly on foliage and dried very little."

With water vapor and falling in rain, DDT spreads like that other rain-made enemy of us: radioactive fallout. All our food is contaminated. Every living organism has detectable quantities of the poison. It has been found in Antarctic penguins, Arctic eiders and fish of the deepest oceans. "It is everywhere," says Dr. Chant. "All we can do now is ban it, and wait."

One of the more depressing documents of our time is a release by the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, whose biologists found that their first brood of peregrine falcons had hatched in Lake Superior. Belling measured 15 percent of the DDT residues in young birds flying 25 percent, 40 percent and 50 percent. The biologists' traps tell for shooting, shooting and deep flying — and suggests that, like each bird, "the shooting of should be discarded." As the New Fowler commented, "Just dump it in the lake. Bon appetit!" □



A dead seagull today — a dying child tomorrow?

The flesh of unborn generations is heir to toxic levels of DDT

Dr. DONALD CHANT, chairman of the University of Toronto's entomology department, is fond of pointing out that, under government food standards, the human body would be rejected as unfit. The depressing fact is that the fat of our bodies contains, probably by content of at least 12 parts per million of DDT, seven parts per million is the maximum permissible in animal meats sold for human consumption.

Breasted, body and avian, Dr. Chant is a leader of a noisy campaign pressure group called Pollution Probe, whose efforts almost certainly led to an Ontario government decision to

ban the use of DDT starting January 1. The U.S. Department of Agriculture has forbidden to own personnel to use the pesticide pending further study. Its use is still unrestricted in one Canadian province, federal Health Minister John Munro has pointed out that human intake has not yet reached hazardous levels.

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SHOULD WE HAUL DOWN THE FLAG IN ADDIS ABABA?

BY WALTER STEWART

WHY DON'T WE dismantle the Canadian diplomatic corps, close down most of our missions abroad, and put the \$75 million it costs to run the Department of External Affairs every year to better use? Do we really need 815 diplomats, administrators and technicians and 1,466 clerks and stenographers running around Ottawa and 86 foreign missions on generous pay, with even more generous allowances? Certainly we need ambassadors in Moscow and Washington, in Paris and London, but will our interests suffer if we are missing from that reception in Addis Ababa next week, or if our man in Helsinki fails to telegraph home the news we have already read in the *New York Times*? We all know what a diplomat is — he is the man in striped trousers, whom we send abroad to drink cocktails and lie for his country, why don't we bring him home, remove the cocktail glass from his clenched fingers, slip him into a business suit and set him to work at honest toil?

These are not frivolous questions. They have been posed, in different words, by Prime Minister Trudeau, who said in a television interview early



When bombs threatened Cairo, Canada stood guard with \$25

this year. "I think the whole concept of diplomacy today . . . is a little bit outmoded. I believe much of it goes back to the early days of the telegraph, when you needed a dispatch to know what was happening in country A, whereas now you can read it in a good newspaper." They have been answered by Professor James Eays, professor of International Relations at the University of Toronto, a critic whose views carry considerable weight with the Prime Minister, and who says of the Department of External Affairs: "Most of its postings are expendable. Much of its work is redundant. Many of its officials are unnecessary."

Eays' views have been echoed even inside the department he treats so bluntly. Last spring, a group of junior foreign-service officers sought a meeting with their superiors to raise a complaint that was put by one of them in roughly these words: "We think we are the highest-paid unemployed persons in Canada — how long is this going to go on?" The crisis was met, feelings were soothed, assurances were given, but the question was never answered, because the brass had no more idea than the young rebels.

The Department of External Affairs is in trouble. The glamour department of government since the end of World War II, it finds itself today under attack from the outside, racked by change and uncertainty on the inside and girded about by what one young diplomat described as "a general malaise, a feeling that we don't know what the hell we're doing or where the hell we're going." When the Prime Minister announced government belt-tightening measures this August, he singled out foreign affairs as an area in which spending has

doubled in the past 10 years and would, left to itself, double again in the next five. That will not be allowed to happen; of the five new missions to French-speaking countries scheduled for this year, only one will have been opened by the end of the year, there will be layoffs in the foreign service; some missions will be closed and others cut back. On top of all this, the policies the department has been defending for a number of years have been abruptly reversed, and department officials find themselves locked in a struggle with the Prime Minister's office over control of future policies.

The Prime Minister's office is going to win that struggle; it has already taken over foreign-policy initiating. The decision to move toward recognition of Red China, the decision to cut back our commitment to NATO, the decision to re-evaluate Canada's entire foreign stance all represent abrupt departures from past form, departures engineered in the Prime Minister's office and actively resented by at least some of the department brass. One senior official told me bitterly, "Our own government is firing at us from the flank . . . Trudeau is running his own foreign policy; he isn't listening to us. Well, that's all right, but it's very expensive to have a big department like this and not to use it . . . On these decisions [he was referring to NATO and Red China] we have been saying one thing for years and now we're doing another . . . We have been made to look like fools."

Not all diplomats agree. Another man, with the rank of assistant under-secretary, commented, "We recognize that Canada's first priorities today are, and should be, domestic, and we're ready to adjust to a change in our role. In fact, a lot of us are

worth of sand buckets. Now External itself is under political fire

happy to see the bureaucrats shun it up" (D) despite of the match-making rapidity at the bureaucracy during the Astley Ambassadeur in 1967. John Starnes, our ambassador to China (now head of the RCMP security and intelligence directorate), became concerned that the embassy might be set on fire by a bomb, and wanted to lay some additional fire extinguishers for protection. They would have cost more than \$3000, and an ambassador cannot spend more than \$25 without a clearance from Ottawa, so Starnes cabled home for permission. External Affairs replied, asking the reason for the purchase. Starnes replied,

explaining about the war, the department replied, wanting to know more about costs and quantities, and was there any cheaper way to do the fire? Meanwhile, of course the war was raging, so Starnes, disgruntled, took the \$15 he could spend on his own authority and sent out for a supply of his brackets he had stored of them filled with sand and soot with water, and distributing them around the embassy. And that's how Canada stood in gauntlet in China.

Another who welcomed the prospect of change is Ed Ristic, Canada's ambassador to Washington, a large man of deceptive gaiety and iron toughness

who is one of the diplomatic corps' bright lights. Ristic told me, "There is no question that the role of the embassy has changed and will go on changing, but that doesn't mean we are useless — if we adapt, our capacity to be useful is probably increased."

Ristic underscored a point made by at least half a dozen diplomats I talked to, that the foreign service is under attack all across the Western World. In the U.K., the Domestic Commission recently suggested radical reorganization of the Foreign Office, in the U.S., President Nixon's White House staff is taking over more and more of the functions of poli-

cy formation from the State Department. In a world interlocked by airposts, television, radio and newspapers, there is, naturally, a diminished role for the ambassador, whose pen-punished diplomats were once his nation's only link with foreign lands.

The decline of the diplomat has been especially notable in Canada because of the historical accident that after World War II we were propelled into a central role on the world stage. Through the 1950s we watched the influence of a nation grow, and we watched it with virtue and skill; with the onset of the 1960s, with the emergence of new nations and

the memory of old ones, we have been relegated to a role closer to our natural one, as a third-rate power. The change is hard to take, the world that needed us to straighten out the mess of Southeast Asia doesn't really care what we think about Vietnam today. Ed anybody knows what we think about Vietnam today.

There is a natural tendency to think that, dammit, somebody must be to blame for this fall from grace, and it is probably the Department of External Affairs, those dogbangers who drink and be and write stories for a living, and don't really care if millions of bodies are marching in Biafra. (One diplomat, shortly

The day of a diplomat: cocktails, but no cookies

The worst thing you can call a diplomat is "cookie-pusher," implying that he does nothing all day but finger nibbles across a cocktail tray. Canadian foreign-service officers do attend cocktail parties — but they do a great many other things, too, as you can see by following one day in the life of a middle-ranking diplomat, Arthur Kroeger. Kroeger, 37, is a native of Nazi, Alberta, a former Rhodes scholar who has served in Geneva, New Delhi and Ottawa, and is stationed now in Washington. He is busy, bright, dedicated, and his day's work shows little waste motion.



Kroeger's day begins by walk to Massachusetts Ave. embassy from his nearby house where he lives with wife and two children. In office, he checks papers for news likely to affect Canada.



A busy conference in the embassy library brings diplomats together. Kroeger reports on continental defense; NATO; peacekeeping; he also serves as secretary to conference, chaired by Ambassador Ed Ristic (far right).



After a series of meetings and phone checks, Kroeger puts his feet up for a sandwich and a beer down in his crowded office. Still wanting attention are piles of paperwork, which must be squared into the odd moments of his busy afternoon.



Kroeger hurries from Capitol after attending a hearing of a Senate subcommittee. One of his jobs is to review such hearings and to assess their impact on policy.



Afternoon begins with a trip to the airport to greet visiting Canadian defense chief, here to discuss NATO changes with U.S.



Like many a diplomat's day, one ends with a cocktail party. The embassy plays host to a group of visiting MPs in much milder sign and dress from home.



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See your independent agent or broker for all your insurance needs.

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS *continued*

"Tell me I don't care about Biafra and I will punch you in the nose"

After I began to interview him, unassisted, "If you tell me I don't care about what is going on in Biafra, I am going to punch you in the goddamn nose." I took that as a hopeful sign. One of his colleagues, however, said, "You get the feeling in this department that whenever you raise a moral issue — whether a thing is right or wrong, as opposed to whether it is permitted or impractical — that you are somehow blighting the bottom of the box."

The Department of External Affairs is getting its bungs today, some of them likely deserved, for its timidity, its reluctance to adapt to a changing world, its bureaucratic bloody-mindedness. But does that make the diplomat redundant? To answer that, it is necessary to know what he does.

For one thing, he attends a grand embassy cocktail party. "We often make useful social contacts there," explains Vernon Turner, who has served in Indonesia, Indonesia, Poland, and the U.S. "Sometimes we actually put work done there into our cocktail parties because they find them useful... well, as do diplomats."

He does, occasionally, don striped trousers to present his credentials or attend his country's national day, but striped trousers are not essential to his craft. "All the usual day-to-day business is done in suits," says one unassisted diplomat, "in a

£400 investment in something I don't want and seldom use." Ross Prascak, who has been in the External Affairs Department since 1954, has only worn striped trousers once — "and that was to my own wedding."

But, said Mr. Hill, a great many non-embassy-related diplomatic functions have post-dinner drinks in Ottawa. Every month, the department processes about 30,000 diplomats. The actual count for August, one of the quietest months of the year, was 3,787 (diplomatic arrivals, 3,281 total), some of them short, but most long, some intended for other government departments, but most addressed to the bulging files of diplomatic desk officers. A great many of these diplomats are wives, mothers, sons or merely relatives of statesmen that have already appeared in the newspaper. (During the strike that closed down the New York Times, I was told, there was a noticeable drop in diplomatic telegraph traffic.) But a great many contain information not available elsewhere, or which is illustrated by the measured judgment of trained observers. During the race riots that followed the slaying of Martin Luther King, our Washington embassy presented a thoroughly analysed report on what was going on, and the kind of aid our people could mean to Canada, a report obviously taken to heart by the Prime Minister and reflected in his pub-

lic concern that civil unrest could wash across the border. It is no secret information-gathering role, however, that diplomacy has been usurped by modern communications. When the Canadian embassy in Vienna was bombed in August, Ottawa had tracked down who was going on by telephone to tourists, travel agencies, and importers who phoned the Canadian Affairs office for details; we read the usual dispatches from Canadian Press. It is the information role Trudeau singled out when he referred to diplomacy as "unarmed."

But information-gathering is only one part of what an embassy does. In Washington, Ambassador Ratner estimates, his staff spends between five and 10 percent of its time reporting; the rest is devoted to the other tasks of diplomacy: overwork work, trade promotion, propaganda, negotiation and policy advice.

When a Canadian traveling abroad loses his passport, or runs out of money, or is thrown in jail, he turns for help to the Canadian embassy. During the Arab-Israeli war, while Ambassador Stansfield was hacking his way through the jungles of bureaucracy in search of fire extinguishers, he was at the same time supervising the safe removal of Canadian tourists, teachers, businessmen, and their families from Jordan. When Randolph Borden, Canadian ambassador to Australia this year, ran out of money in Prague before his last legal expense and learned the trial clearly to continue that he be paid his travel. Sometimes the diplomat does his best work by not intervening. Once, a Canadian official recalls, a Canadian charged with a minor offence was under house arrest in a remote province of a Far Eastern country. The court reasoned that, left to himself, the man could bribe the prosecutor to drop the charge, but if the embassy became involved, the warden would get to the level at which bribery was unlikely. So he took no official action, and, once enough, the man was freed on a technicality of the court's new refrigeration.

Although they seldom pay much credit to it, Canadian diplomats are active in promoting export trade, and sometimes their special skills prove crucial. Not long ago, a Canadian manufacturer was offered a \$25-million telephone contract in Turkey. The company was holding on to the deal, since it did not know whether the equipment it was offering was compatible and satisfactory, or the price fair. Our first secretary in Ankara went to call on

HOW MUCH IS THAT IN FRANCS?

Keeping Canadian diplomats abroad is expensive, not only on account of their allowances. Minister's ended the Department of External Affairs to calculate what it would cost to send a middle-ranking diplomat to Paris for a year. This hypothetical man, first secretary in the Paris embassy, has a wife and two children, one attending school in France, the other finishing university in Canada. Here is how it worked out.

Salary	521,673.00
Foreign-service allowance	7,116.80
Dependent allowance	300.00
Transfer allowance	100.00
Rental allowance	6,000.00
Cost of shipping in case	482.85
Education allowance for child in France	1,000.00
Education allowance for child in Canada	2,400.00
Retirement fee for child's bolyer mat	620.00
Hospitality allowance, indirect (not accountable)	21,800.00
Hospitality allowance, direct (must be accounted for)	3,219.00

Total ... \$61,186.65
All of the allowances are free of income tax and are, therefore, worth a good deal more. Other fringe benefits include weekly airfares about a dollar a hour, a capacity for about \$1.25 a caron, the right to purchase a car free of extra duty, and transportation to and from it.

See

10/10/65

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captured on page 41



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EXTERNAL AFFAIRS continued

a government official said, during their talk, the official made a telephone call to Turkey — which he passed on, strongly, the first secretary did not understand — from which the diplomat gathered that the Canadian embassy was highly rated, and that a competitive bid would win the contract. He reported to the Canadian embassy, which passed it on and concluded the deal.

The propagandist speech of an embassy is even more difficult to maintain than its basic role, they reduce everything from trade, marketing of Canadian products to Canadian policy to lobby efforts. When Canada started to open negotiations with Red China, our Washington embassy was hard-pressed to explain our change of stance, which was bound to involve severing ties with Taiwan something we had had and apparently we would not do. Not all our explanations were well received. The day after the policy change was announced, Ambassador Kitchener, who was fighting a bout of pneumonia in a Washington hospital, discovered that his name was in Taiwan: "Why do your people not like my people any more?" she wanted to know. Rather than his diplomatic best to explain the trend the changes of world policies, his over high regard for the people of Taiwan, he hoped that there would be no hard feelings — but to no avail. The name brazenly emblazoned lies to roll over and undermine the image of a powerful and a responsible nation of his and our with all the weight of an outraged parent. "Let no man contend," says Ambassador Kitchener, "that I have not suffered for Canada."

Diplomats also play a role in the process of government-to-government horse-trading. Although policies may change, in a general way, that we want a friendly treaty with Japan or an anti-trust probe against the Japanese, is becoming a major issue among direct concern to government leaders. Prime Minister Trudeau has set up a small corps of foreign experts of his own, led by two former diplomats, Ivor Hele, an legislative assistant, and Marshall Cross, deputy secretary to the cabinet. "One of our most interesting diplomatic failures," an External Affairs official said on, "was our failure to establish a link with Leon Hele." When Canada wanted to arrange for relief flights to Beirut, the matter was taken entirely out of the hands of the diplomats and Hand flew directly to Lagos to negotiate with the Nigerian. The official, on-the-record view of External Affairs is that co-operation between the diplomats and the Prime Minister's staff is close and conflict, at always, but off the record, the official explained to me about "all these people sitting around the PBO [Prime Minister's office] and agreeing on it."

In one case it is natural that Prime Minister Trudeau should take over even control of foreign policy, he is not, like Foreign Minister, a former diplomat whose faith in External Affairs is absolute. (continued on page 42)

Those wedding bells are breaking. Up that old gang of mine.



with the U.S., hammering out the details can be an incredibly lengthy process, and the drawing of the final agreement may involve 15 or 20 drafts and engage the skills of a score of lawyers, trade officials and diplomats for months. Diplomats are experts at testing out the nature of phrasology, whether it is in interpreting or in the drafting that is so much a part of international politics. They are trained to discern the difference between a government's "serious concern" (topped, but not about to act) and "grave concern" (watch out!) U.S. statesman and author John May once wrote, "There are three species of honest, who when they mean going, they come diplomats, warhounds and crabs." The capacity to delay, to spin out, to slide sideways is an absolute virtue to an insatiable one of the least attractive qualities of the diplomat — but it beats breaking bands.

Today, negotiation is being taken over more and more by the politicians, and this is one of the factors that works to diminish the diplomat. When cabinet ministers can flit from committee to committee, when prime ministers and presidents can exchange views directly at will, the ambassador obviously takes a back seat. He does not, however, get out of the picture. Our Minister of Trade and Commerce lies in Washington to press for more Canadian imports, our diplomats have spent days and weeks preparing the way, if they do their job well, the chances of success are enormous; enhanced, if they do not, the results may be doomed even before the final Ottawa.

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IMPORTED FROM SOUTH AFRICA

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS continued

But there are other factors at play. One is Trudeau's determination not to be trapped by any bureaucracy, to have what his principal secretary, Miss Lalonde, calls "his own input for policy." Another is his distrust of the department since its bold reassurance that there was nothing Canada could or should do about India's poised independence so to many Canadians. "India was our boy of Pops," one diplomat told me. Certainly it marked the decline of External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp. Finally, the Prime Minister reflects a growing public impatience with dependency as a general, a feeling summarized by Prof. James Dreyfus that "the profession of dependency is an immoral profession, full of hypocrisy."

It is doubtful whether dependency is any more innocent than it is supposed to be, any more innocent than any other profession — say, politics, for a start — but certainly at the moment it is unpopular and then open to attack, whether that attack is fair or not. One of the reasons our diplomats must face is that while most Canadians support expanding foreign-aid programs, they regard the amount of foreign-service officers as inadequate, that spending as wasteful and extravagant.

The Canadian diplomat is obviously demanding. The diplomat in his role as reporter, negotiator and policy adviser is bound to be reflected in reorganization of the External Affairs Department. But that does not mean the department is bound to be. If dependency is demanded, we will always need experts abroad to perform the routine day-to-day tasks of dependency, to promote trade and investment. We will always need liaison posts around the world, for a Canadian government to decide, for instance, whether to issue one press-begging mandate to Cyprus on the basis of newspaper reports would be clearly insane. We will always need the machinery to employ Canada's name in foreign capitals. We will always need the experience and advice of one of the best foreign-service corps in the world as a basis for policy decisions.

This year, Canada will spend \$48,333,000 to operate External Affairs (the rest of the department's \$25-million budget goes somewhere in such organizations as the UN). What have we got for our money? Well, we have kept in close touch with 100 foreign heads, we have visited our 16 Embassies from Colorado, Cayman, to Kingston, Jamaica, we have attempted to extend and expand our roles in Asia, Africa and South America, and it has cost us less to do this for a year than the Department of Defense will pay to develop a single hydrofoil sub-hull. All in all, the money we spend on dependency may be one of the best bargains our government ever gets in. □

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Morgan White Rum



Perhaps it could never have been Pearson, Jackson and Conacher. But there's no doubt the NHL lost the services of a lifelong lover of the game when LESTER PEARSON left to make his name in another arena. Here, in an edited interview, the former Prime Minister talks about old pros and modern cons as he picks

PEARSON'S ALL-TIME, ALL-STAR HOCKEY TEAM



My earliest recollection of hockey goes back to when I was five or six years old. I really don't remember when, in the winter, I was still struggling along over the ice on some kind of contraption. My first memory is of using double scissars on a panel opposite the passenger on 677 Dufferin Street in Toronto. In those days the area was a big field, now it's in the middle of the city. I remember going from double scissars to the old spring skates, the kind you screwed on at the boot. Then, one great day, I graduated to test hockey skates and from there on.

As a child, I had much equipment, of course. We used to store skates to make our stockings to serve to sharpen them. Myself, I would be very knowledgeable in this regard! Foreign Affairs and the Canadian National Review were better. These days, things are different. I have a grandson who, when he reached the point where he played in an organized youth league, was about as well equipped as an NHL player. I suspect his family have spent more money on his equipment in the first two or three years of his hockey career as a child than my family could have spent, or ever afforded to spend, on me in all the years I played.

After my family moved to Peterborough, I used to play hockey on the ice

streets. It was relatively safe, at that time there wasn't much traffic. When I grew a little older and was a little more impressive in my hockey skills and ambitions, I played a few organized power games in Peterborough's old Brook Street rink, across the street, of course. These were the early days and the economy is good.

I was a teenager when we left Peterborough, which was a great hockey centre and settled in Hamilton, which was not. Indeed, they didn't even have a hockey team when we arrived in 1911. I had to wait six years for a team to form. I had to wait six years for agents to come — I used to spend my summers on the farms of relatives near Orngeville, a great hockey centre — and basically, I had the assistance of every boy who loves sports to teach at the game, to "make the team." I used to dream of myself in the big leagues. It

wasn't a dream my parents took very seriously. Many years later, when teaching at the University of Toronto, I became interested in the coaching side of things in hockey and football.

In my first days at college, before

World War I, senior intercollegiate and OHA hockey were almost as good as the pro hockey that was being played. One of the greatest of those days I adored most was Hugh Ard, later of Senator John Ard, who played for the Varsity team. Another was a friend named Billy McLean. McLean was a good hockey player, and I played with him in the first half. On the pro side, I was part of the team in action, my heroes were such men as the great Cyclone Taylor and Harry Lalonde.

Probably the greatest hockey experience of my life occurred just after the war, while I was attending Oxford University. Oxford will always play Cambridge at any game ever invented, and some invented for the occasion, if a challenge is issued. In this case Oxford, somewhat unfairly, was playing Cambridge at ice hockey. It may have been the first game ever played between the two universities. I'm not sure. We had to go to a place called Marlow in Switzerland to find ice to stage the match.

Oxford had a good team. We had

confused on over 460



By Lester B. Pearson



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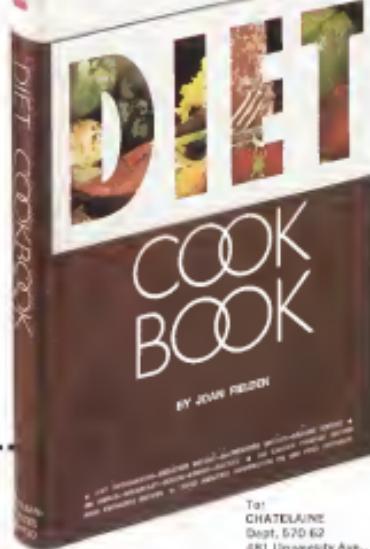
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ALL-STARS continued

North American Rhodes scholars, of course, and the Canadians and one American who made our team had all played senior hockey over here. Cambridge was less fortunate. They didn't have Rhodes scholars, but they found a couple of Canadians and a couple of Americans and a few other people who knew how to skate. But that was about it. Their goalkeeper couldn't shoot at all, so we allowed him to wear padded

Well, we faced off before a fairly large crowd and by the end of the second period it was something like Gated 27, Cambridge 0. I vividly remember the two Cambridge wings. They could only be sure they were still on their feet by hanging on to the boards. At that point we called the game off. It was really fancy, but, of course, it wasn't hockey.

As a contrast, my most thrilling hockey experience came after I returned from Oxford in the 1920s. I teach at the U of T. Corn Sherrill had been coaching the university team, which he left. I took over his job. That autumn (1933-34), Toronto happened to win the inter-collegiate title and we found ourselves in a two-game, goal-tie-breaker playoff with the winner of the Senior OCAA series. It was Kitchener, a club that has supplied so many pros.

The first game was in Kitchener and we received a dreadful drubbing. The final score was 5 to 1, quite a handicap to come back to Toronto with. Bob IT never fingered the second game. I remember telling my players, "Now, the only chance we have is to go out and play the first few minutes as though they were the last few minutes and we were one goal behind." Our chips did just that. For the first five or 10 minutes they were still all over the Kitchener net and scored three goals to catch up on a four-goal lead. But then the Kitchener players, that is, went on to be their best. We by the third period the energy had drained out of us and Kitchener managed to score the winning goal.

Even though we lost, it was a great hockey game. And the excitement of those opening minutes, when we scored three goals, was tremendous. I was sitting on the bench, playing everyone's position. By the end of the period I was more exhausted than any of the players.

It's probably no secret that, among the NHL stars, I've always tended to favor the Maple Leafs. The reason goes back to those college days. Like the U of T teams, the Leafs were blue and white and, at that time, an association of sorts with the university, through such people as Conn Smythe. There is still that lingering affection. When I attend a game in Montreal — and I never often have a chance to go there these days — I

(continued on page 44)



MUSH!

How do Canada's Arctic outposts get their food and supplies? Some of the supplies are flown in, sure. But not all. Not by a long shot.

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ALL-STARS continued

try to pick a game where the Leafs are playing. I usually sit with my good friend Senator Hartland Molson (uncle of the owner of the Canadiens) and have a terrible time disguised my emotion.

So the Leafs are my sentimental team. But I also have an immense admiration for the Canadiens. Not because they are as successful all the time — as a matter of fact, I generally root for the underdog — but because of the type of hockey they play. They concentrate on speed and on skill, hard-working the puck and skating, always skating.

The 1920s was a legendary era for pro hockey. The player who impressed me most was Howie Morenz, the greatest forward I have ever seen. Amazing defensiveness, I think Eddie Shore stood out at those days. And in my book Georges Vezina was a pretty magnificent goalie, perhaps. They used to have the Canadiens. Gouchee, he was so cool. Then there was King Clancy — the dramatic, dramatic King Clancy — and the very polished, skilled Frank Nighbor. They are the ones I remember best.

Of the contemporary NHL players, the men I admire most are, I suppose, the ones everybody admires: Bobby Hull naturally, with his power and the excitement he generates; Jean Beliveau, because of his artistry and the intelligence of his game. And then there's Frank Mahovlich, you always feel he's going to explode at any moment. He's got scoring potential and I love to watch him play. The defencemen I respect most are Doug Harvey and Bobby Orr. The only one I've ever seen a more brilliant young player. And in goal, I think Johnny Bower is tops.

Beyond that, there are a lot of exceptional players who were destined to gather more achievement and success than they ever did. They are the men who kill off the penalties and play steadily but unspectacularly on defense. For thinking, for instance, of J. C. Tremblay and of the great Leaf centerman, Normie Ullman. There are lots of other players whose style is more skillful than exciting and who don't receive the attention they rate. But they do their job.

I once thought of Phil Esposito in that way — in the days when he played for Chicago. I watched him on television on Saturday nights and admired him very much. He was a fine, smooth player overshadowed by Bobby Hull, although he was helping Hull all the time. Now, of course, he has come into his own in Boston.

I have been asked to choose my all-time, all-star team. Every hockey fan has his own idea about that and I know that mine is just one man's opinion. I shall

continued on page 46



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with Avis.



ALL-STARS continued

when the progress came on. The Singapore newspaper had got the facts wrong. It was the New York Rangers whom he beat. I was in the U.S., playing the Stanley Cup in the semifinals of the Stanley Cup. However, I proudly told my friends that they were about to see the greatest game in the world.

We saw action for about two seconds and then somebody hit the park center and a brawl started. It really was something. Stewards were off, players were off, sticks were down and there were even some spectators trying to mix it with it. This went on for three or four minutes and then that was the end of the report. The audience, in a ratherirical way, finished by pointing out that hockey was Canada's national sport.

Then there is international hockey, which is now more a contest of prestige than a great between-country game.

The situation is made by national pride when watching NHL games between American and Canadian teams. I know the players are all Canadian anyway. In fact, last year I was secretly rooting for Boston to beat Montreal. Much as I admire the Canadians, I also like to see a team like Boston win the Stanley Cup occasionally.

But when a Canadian team is playing in a truly international game, I become as chauvinistic as any teenager. I was out

in Winnipeg a couple of winters ago when the Canadiens beat the Russians. And when they ran up the Canadian flag and played G-Coupe, I was profoundly annoyed. I was not annoyed at the lack of national emotion, assumed in world-championship hockey can sometimes prevent all will. We have all read about some of the superstitious legends involving Canadian teams abroad. I can well remember, when I was Secretary of State for External Affairs, getting a dispatch from one of our embassies saying, "For heaven's sake, don't allow any more Canadian hockey teams to come over here if you want to keep our relations good with X."

My feeling is that we shouldn't send any more players overseas unless they can live gracefully. I believe this is hard for a player to do in any kind of international competition. He's been brought up to feel that the honor of Canada rests

on him to win. When he goes out, so he is expected and knocked about. He knows he has to fight hard and sometimes to fight a little too hard. Every time he does something wrong, the crowd over there howls at him and at Canada.

We must remember that we are in a vulnerable position in the hockey world. Everybody loves to beat us because we were the champions for so long. As things now stand, the only way we can regurgi-

ate our prestige is by learning to be good losers and by sending our best men overseas to become good winners.

On the question of international competition, I think the time has come to stop being hypocritical. We should remove what, in many cases, has become an artificial distinction between the amateur and the professional. I would like to see the world hockey championships played with the best men from the over-panning countries, regardless of their pro or amateur status. At the moment the best Russian play, but not the best Canadians. My opinion is that if a regular NHL team — not all-stars — met the Russians for a five-game series, the NHL team would win. But it wouldn't be a pleasure.

Finally, some advice for any youngster considering a career in professional sports. I wouldn't disappearance of the dream because of like the game so much. But I would warn him that he should also continue with his education. It's difficult to do both, I know, but it can be done. And if he should find that he is not going to turn into a first-class NHL player but becomes just a walk-the-mall pro, he should check the game at rest. He should go back home and spend his time getting a good education.

My chief worry about the future of hockey centers around the rough, rough, win-at-any-price behavior we see on television. The kids coming up watch this and, because they want to be like NHL players, copy the worst as well as the best features of the game. Too often the result is brawling, fighting and other violations on the junior and juvenile level. If that continues, I think the game will be in trouble. □



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(20-44)



WHY DO KIDS DIG ROCK?

(AND WHY DO THEIR PARENTS TURN OFF?)

Kids dig it because they can identify with it

Larry Coryell, 16, Texas-born guitarist and bluesman, has already recorded *Down Front*, *Any & Every Way* (Peter Fonda style). Robert Charlebois says Coryell "is the greatest thing in pop to the guitar since stretching out."



BY LARRY CORYELL

What is rock exactly?

Well, for one thing, it's the symbolic tool of the revolution that's going on among young people right now. On a simpler and more obvious level, it's also a music with very definite and very high standards. The majority music being made by the young creative people of today. Sure, there are a lot of guys in big-bands rock groups who don't know much about music, don't even know how to tune their guitars. But they do know about the music and what influences are in the music and who do know how to work at it. The world is full of talented young guys who started playing, maybe, stand-up bass when they were 16, then switched to guitar, then got into electronics, and they attack to their music with a real passion. They're the creative musicians of today.

It's these musicians the kids go for. The unusual ingredient that makes rock exciting to kids is identification. And all the young people in the Western world identify with Eric Clapton (lead guitarist in the British group, *Blind Faith*). It's that simple. You're young and there's somebody young up there on stage playing something that's exciting and groovy, and right away you're into it.

All the other elements in rock—the sexual things, the lyrics, the heavy electronic sound—take second place to identification. And usually they play a large part in rock appeal. That's why, probably, most of a band's performances are sexual gestures—if that's the right word. It's a good way, for instance, for a new performer to attract attention at the beginning of his career. But I don't think that explanation runs too deep. I think a performer like Jimi Hendrix, who gets into a lot of sexual maneuvers, actually feels those emanations. He's demonstrating. That happens to be the way he is.

The lyrics are important. In fact, it's possible for a band to be off in its playing, but if some powerful singer such as, say, Mack Jaggar is up there singing a good song, then the band playing won't mar the entertainment value of the group for the kids. A lot of the lyrics in rock are really far out. Older people, used to hearts and flowers and innocuous love affairs in their songs, don't dig rock lyrics. Sometimes it takes lots of time to get past the playing and pick up the complicated symbolic ideas that words writers in *Any & Every Way* are laying down.

All of these changes put on adults. A lot of them don't dig rock because they feel left out. They can't identify and they're jealous. And, in a way, *downscaled* everyone

Parents turn off because it threatens older people

Moe Koffman, 41, Toronto-based alto saxophonist, is probably Canada's most popular rock band leader. He learned to play the sax at night clubs with the big bands of Jimmy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet, Tex Beneke.

BY MOE KOFFMAN

One thing kids have to adjust to is rock. It's just about the simplest music in the world. There's more to music than a strong beat and four chords, but that's all the musical knowledge it takes to get a rock group going. My son had, when 11, can listen to a rock record a few times and then sit down at his drums and play all the feels off the record. Rock is simple music.

And that's what makes a lot of it dull listening to a six-year-old. On almost all rock records, you'll hear the old stuff: the drums, the guitars, the bass, the organ. But the old stuff is what makes the fill ins away. They're only playing on one chord.

Yes, many rock musicians have very limited talents—they're just kids, after all—and for that reason, they often have to call on old pros, guys who've come up through jazz, for rock-record sessions. All the good accomplished studio musicians in New York and Toronto and other big recording centers work on rock tracks. I had a lady violin player, a real symphonic type, come up to me not long ago at a commercial-of-angle session; we were both playing and all we had to do was play the *Blow the Blood, Sweet A Ton* album, the first rock thing that I'd ever appreciated. She said what she especially dug were all the flute parts, amazing, she told me, that those young boys could blow flute so beautifully. Whoa-oh, I said, those flute parts were being played by experienced studio guys, guys in their 40s and 50s. The studio was the house in the basic rock setting. But to get anything solid down on tape, you need two more ingredients: top musicians and a top producer. The kid sessions are completely new material, and they have to be mocked.

The funny thing is that when it comes to live performances, the kids in the audience don't mind all the fake stuff. Since the rough beat can't be reproduced outside the studio, they see the stars up on stage, they hear the lyrics and the basic sound, and that's right there out. The kids in the audience don't need much to excite them. In fact, I don't think they know much about music.

At all these festivals that suddenly started happening last summer, you got all the things that go with rock: singing together is a really obvious way—the drugs, the sex, the alcohol. I think in some cases the heavy experimentation is a cover for lack of talent.

There's a big drug thing going on at the festivals, too. The rock groups get high and so does the audience, and I suppose that gives them a sense of communication. Snook-

KIDS DIG IT continued

the knowledge that rock turns off parents helps him as the kids to the music. But that kind of generational power isn't exclusive to young people. I've seen lots of old rockers. Older jazz fans, for instance, were astounded at a rebellious way to John Coltrane, the great tenor-saxophone player who's dead now; it wasn't exclusively a matter of Coltrane's name — it had a lot to do with the image of change and revolution that he seemed to project.

But most older people, whether in resistance to rock, pitch to it, or that somewhere about half. The only time I ever feel the generation gap is when I'm in a strange town and people on the street yell "bogus" at me because of my long hair. The first time I was in Toronto this summer I was out shopping and some older people said to me, "Hey, you look like a hippie." They really can't stand us, you know. And I never know where I stand.

The trouble is, from the older generation's point of view, rock will never die. Probably it will go on, unchanging, as yet unimproved, but it won't die, not in the sense that just is dying today. And the kids who are listening to rock right now will still be appreciating it when they're 40. Of course, rock will evolve, move even more toward electronic, it may, because after all much of rock is a highly experimental kind of music. The use of electronic instruments, especially guitars, has always been essential, and in long as electronics have been used with skill and taste they've definitely improved the music.

The criteria for all of that experimentation to rock is "do your own thing" in the sense that as long as you're doing your own original thing, then you can accomplish more and get away with a lot more than you used to do in pop music. Well, maybe that's true. Maybe you can do more because music is broader today. There's more knowledge around, more ways of looking around with musical devices. Everything's changed. There are more possibilities open to musicians. It's all great. Wow. I don't think we'll really understand all the things that have been happening in today's music for another 100 years. □

PARENTS TURN OFF continued

ing per makes the kids not feel like they're part of the show, but if has nothing to do with the music. It's a hallucinatory thing. I hope that the rock kids have enough range to keep creating and not let the drugs drag them down.

I even understand why parents feel spright about rock. Sun is a big part of rock lyrics and it figures in the performances of some rock singers. Jon Morrison of the Doors was second of solitaires experts in Miami, and I can just imagine how a parent would feel, watching his 16-year-old daughter going off to a rock concert and wondering whether the star of the show is going to stand up and show his stuff. It's sure a lot of parents.

Actually, everything about rock can be intoxicating to an adult. It's loud and sexy, and a style like rock music, with its heavy guitars and all the wild-wash stuff with the overdubs, seems phony and. What rock is, finally, is a threat to older people.

I take rock for what the musicians are laying down. I dug their spirit, their today sound, their great feeling. But I think they're going to grow and expand, and I think that many rock musicians agree with me. They're breaking for change, and the direction they're going in is toward jazz. I watch young musicians come into the clubs where I'm playing with other good jazz guys, and they freak out when they hear us. They're surrounded by what it's possible to do on our instruments.

Well, it stands to reason that we know our barbs better than young kids do. And I think that rock musicians are realizing that they've reached a saturation point with their emphasis on guitars. A big number of the groups are trying to become, in a pure sound, but the trouble is that the young horn players haven't had time to develop the skill the instruments demand. Still, they're working at it. They're moving toward a fusion of rock and jazz, and in two or three years they're going to come up with some surprises. And I think it could be a kind of music that might bring kids and adults closer together. □

... And now the critics join the pop-rock battle

JACK BATTEN, a free-lance writer currently working on a book about pop music, says:

The most beguiling and memorable love song of the 1960s is called "I'm Easy, Easy." The song is a tender nod to a girl's love, and it was written and sung here by Bob Dylan. The song will be a smash hit in the 1980s, because everything is easy in contemporary pop music.

Rock is present, but when you critics think they have it panned as money-worship, naïve and anti-romantic, it shows no soft side, and, for myself, I most love rock for its great moments.

But if it's over to the question of having my mind blown by the sex and rock of the Jefferson Airplane, my mind's blown by the Doors' literary theatre of rock, and my brain twisted by the Beatles' earthy rock rock.

Rock works because it's a mighty upthrust, and it seems to draw on a music that borrows something from jazz, takes a heavy charge of the blues, mixes in dashes and licks of country, folk, Indian and electronic noise. And its frame is very extensible that rock goes in great leaps.

Maybe it's Art, but to say so is missing the point anyway. Rock is simply faithful to all the rest of experience of life in the 1960s — exterior, giddy, hysterical, joyful, and more often vulgar and witty. And in its intense moments, in "I'm Easy, Easy," rock is the most persistent expression this sort of masking love. □

PATRICK SCOTT, Toronto Star critic and Canada's most knowledgeable (and most controversial) pop critic, says:

Popular music, given a continuation of current trends, should begin to become respectable again in approximately 15 years. Obviously, the bourgeoisie still has historically demonstrated its distaste for anything that sounds North American between the ages of 13 and 25 — but we can't kick the clock to mid-1990s with its discovery of rock. Rock performers like Little Richard, the star of Toronto's recent Rock Revival ritual, hopefully, this backslapping pedophile ultimately will come to rest on the year 1980, the true apogee of popular music's golden era.

The most influential major figure in pop music's 20-year span from 1960 was jazz. By 1980 jazz-enhanced pop music had become too good, too something had to give. The strange situation was that sufficiently literate people could cope with it. Backslaps it in and others are immediately desirous just had ensued to be popular music.

Into the vacuum, in the early 1980s, gyrated the first rock/wall pop stars, and 30 years of musical maturing had been thrown away, pop music was back in the core.

Only now, and unusually enough with this fresh air phase in rock, at its most primitive form, has the first faint flicker of light begin to show at the mouth of the cave. Today's disadvantaged rock devotees must go back to the very beginning of their musical experience and try to build a new musical civilization on the rubble of rock. □

The Riesling grape. Source of the great Rhine and Moselle wines, it also makes some of the finest white wines of Australia.

THE FINE WINES OF AUSTRALIA.

HOW TO ENJOY A HOLIDAY WITH THE HEADHUNTERS

(after you've written your will)

BY MICHAEL HASTINGS

Far left: A Greville site in a canyon in Tibet. Far Hastings, II., a free-lance producer for the CBC, adventures has above: sunset in a tropical rain forest



Author in the jungle. Hastings painted by his companion with paint he brought to gift

WEAR OF THESE ancient beaches full of gory sand? Appalled by such places all day with second-degree burns? Head into Amazonian history, scalp diving, re-monic macaque rights and all those grisly bits in history? Do the interminable cruises of Europe and all that dead, dead beauty leave you pale, tired and happy to get back to the rat race in the Canadian winter?

Then try the only really new holiday experience beyond being a spacehip stargazing — go stay with the headhunting tribes in the gloriously steaming jungles of South America. Go hunting with blowpipes and poison darts. Padle among the maze-eating palms. Dine on broad monkey and halo-creeping casseroles. Feel the thrill of wondering whether you'll see Indians again. Really get away from it all. I did last summer because the world's first authentic adventure travel. How to Holiday With the Headhunters.

CHOOSING YOUR TRIBE: The super-tropical rain forest extends through northern Brazil, Guyana, French Guiana, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and even juts up into Central America. Despite the genocidal efforts of many Latin American governments to exterminate the natives, you can still choose from lessening tribes speaking more than 1,000 languages — a new one was discovered in recently in September. Some of these tribes have rarely seen a white man — they may be considered hostile. Others will greet you with the offer of an ecclesiastic Coke. However primitive the tribe of your choice, remember you are probably in more danger than you're aware — most social workers-cum-tribe squads

If you are a poison-arrow fan, you might visit the Pemón, who live around the Carrao River in Brazil's Mata Grossa region. For blowpipes, try the Tsingap in western Guyana. The Aymara, near Cochabamba in Brazil's Mato Grosso, are singularly peaceful, whereas the Pukar on the Brazil-French Guiana border behave in prehistoric ferocity. Disenfranchised headhounds might try the polyandrous Bororo in Bolivia's Santa Cruz state. For their wives, I suggest the polyandrous Yanomami in Venezuela near the Colombian border.

Don't mix our tribe with a reputation for cannibalism, such as the Yanomami; they usually eat only their enemies. The same goes for headhunting such as the Isené Indians of Ecuador north of the Amazon river. And tribes at war with their neighbors such as the chronically short-haired Huaorani, who attack Indians (and each other), and those who still practice headhunting, like the Yanomami. Don't be afraid of white carpetbaggers. The Cinta, Larga and Taguaña tribes of Brazil's Mata Grossa still were totally exterminated over a 20-year period by members of the Brazilian government's Indian Protective Service before the scandal was published in March 1986. So watch it.

Stay away from missionaries. Indians they tend to have a lower standard of living than most, and are often caught up in alcoholism and ergotism. Don't be surprised at peak missionaries who sell American CARE and goods instead of distributing them free.

I was guided by a friend, Luis Pinto, with whom I flew to Bogotá, and Alasia Raudal-Delamont of the Department of Anthropology at the University of the



Northern Yuracare, wife of Donor Oryño, solitude her child as she paddles to Nigro settlement to trade for native seed. Northern Indians live in family groups, have no villages.



Donor is studying to be a medicine man. He takes a yard, lams, as a master fisher man. Northern Indians are gentle, peaceful. Men wear jewelry, white is almost unheard of.

Andes. In Bogotá, she suggested I visit the Northern people of the Choco dunes, west of the Colombian Andes. This is one of the world's deepest, most luxuriant jungles and the Northern are a peaceful, dignified, beautiful people. They know something of white culture but maintain their own customs. I spent three weeks with a Northern, Amadoro Káreton, and his family. It took a week to reach his jungle home from Bogotá and another week to return — a mere 200 miles via the ICMB line.

ATTRACTIOMS: Once in residence, go hunting with the men and marvel at their skills. Along the way you may see butters, brilliantly colored frogs, gigantic arachnid spiders, ever-vigilant and unpredictable with their amazing colors and shapes to be found on this planet. You will see incredible fungi and weirdly interacting multiple trees, surrounded by swirling leaves (purple vines), which are parasitized by smaller vines, which in turn are parasitized by canines, all hanging together in an ecologically sound, dying mass. Exotic birds will perch the jungle with intricate nests.

Drink the aromatic water from the veins of the wild banana. Savor the acid fruit of the guanabana and the sweet-sour Tumbo. Learn to paddle a canoe standing up. Try the larger ones first.

Watch the Indians shape a canoe from a tree trunk. Practice with the bow and arrow. Learn to skin a wild boar. Sip Chicha, the potent juice juice. Colombian governments have unsuccessfully tried to outlaw for 300 years. If you're reckless, turn on with the hallucinogenic Banisteriopsis caapi. Try a bit of hand-to-hand wrestling with the Indians. Teach



Alasia bathes her baby. Women work in the fields with men, cook, make pottery.

HEADHUNTERS continued

there to play 10-timer. Night after night I played in with the Nauanas and waves of laughter and excitement, but only one man totally got the logic of it. During the audience halloos of "Nau" I outlined the intertribal wisdom to my host and he said he thought weekend was "cool."

At night, relax. Watch the Darien of a thousand fireflies and hear the song of bats coming in the east. Fall asleep to the noise of the Indians' voices and the same beacons of howler monkeys echoing across the wilderness.

DINING OUT? The centre is not exactly Escapade. Eat moderately for the first few days. Staples are usually cassava, plantains or maize. Menow is a root-like potato, but less palatable. Nauanas look like bananas but are dry, starchy and rather tasteless. They are boiled or roasted. In Nauana country almost all food is boiled, and you will eat to taste like it. Nauanas' shaggy shaggy is much like Tahitian. Baguettes or ramekins, but watch those loose fillings; you a long way from a crust.

You have to be satisfied with unseasoned, raw, raw, raw. Fresh fruit is not good. They may produce surprises, especially if the take a napalm, but it adds to the fun. The most hazardous part is the trip through the jungle when between relatively untouched jungle tribes and machine-ruined towns. I spent one night of sheer horror sharing my sleeping bag with great enthusiasm because the floor of my borrowed shelter was littered with partings. From the town of Kusaro, where the road ends, I followed the river San Juan by backpack, eventually the government Atra-Maloca Service

station, and you should learn one or both. Brush up on your tropical medicine. Learn first aid, including how to set a fracture and dislocation.

Get a copy of *New To Survive On Land And Sea*, by F. C. and J. J. Campbell, published by the U.S. Naval Institute in Annapolis, Maryland. This tells you how to signal a rescue plane with a mirror, how to extract water from a banana vine, and how to tell the difference between scorpion, wasp, bugs, gnats and mosquitoes.

GETTING THERE: Fly to the main university city of the world concerned (Barbados, Bogota or Rio) and find out how to reach your tribe by contacting the university department of anthropology. The map of the neotropical forest is dotted with airfields. A hired plane can land you close to the Indians only if the local river is sufficiently broad and deep and free of rapids. Otherwise, fly to the most convenient airport and from there go as far as you can by train or bus, then continue up any convenient river in a canoe paddled by the locals.

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station, to the mouth of the Dariendo River, where I hired a canoeist, a black Cuban who owned a balsa. He took us for 11 hours paddle to the mouth of the Ixilca. The last time they saw a white man in those parts was eight years ago.

Don't bother about arranging the return trip. If the Indians are at all friendly (and they'd better be), they will take you back. If necessary, day will take you to the next village downstream, where the Indians will take you one step further, and so on. To get out in the rain forest without someone who knows the terrain is to get lost. Before you leave the city inform a responsible person about how long you expect to be away, then hope he'll arrange a search party if you don't return.

When you reach the tribe, introduce yourself, mention who the most influential person is — the power structure might be complex — and say you would like to learn about their way of life. You haven't come to teach them anything. Ask if you may visit for a while, and spend low key. Distribute some gifts. The best gift goes to the chief, but if possible have something for everybody, including the children.

Bring along your books and field stationery, cameras, binoculars, compass. Remember that Amazonian Indians are savagely and sickly. Be cautious about friendships with women. Unless they live themselves upon you, it is best not to speak to them except when they speak to you. Give them gifts only via their husbands. If you are a girl, don't speak to the men. If you see a hairy male, don't be offended if your hands explore your anatomy in detail; they're just curious — safety because their body hair tends to be sparse.

Work if you possibly can. Tribesmen will respect you for trying. Fish, help gather crops, sweep the floor, sweep out a jungle clearing, or work the agriculture plots.

If you are moved to do some women who in fact, are sure to tell her that you cannot be a son of the tribe. Of course, if you do something silly, such as administering penicillin and crabs to an antipenicillin reaction, you deserve to be rescued. Never insist that the patient try your medicine even though he is at death's door. Wait for him to ask. Strictly supervise all consumption of pills. I gave the chief's wife four half-grown colts in one day. She used them and took them all in one.

JUNGLE HAZARDS: The jungle is a killer. After the first few days, but before you are unshaven, you should shave yourself to the skin of course. Toilets. There are only four seriously dangerous fresh water emitters in South America: rain forest, piranha, freshwater shaggy, crocodile fish and electric eel.

Swim the water only where and when the Indians do, and you will not be eaten by piranha. To avoid the maggots, drag your feet along the river bottom. He will bite you only if you step on him. The Indians eat the snakes and might have to be rendered by surgery, though few attacks on humans have been recorded. An indignant snake can inflict a bite with a punch as powerful as 300 volts and knock you out.

Keep journals covered by night. The blood-sucking vampires bat is capable of infecting you with rabies. Don't worry about snakes. Just watch where you put your feet. Four times the Nauanas drew my attention to snakes, but only once did I catch a fleeting glimpse. A snake attacks either with venom or constricts, but never both. If it bites a limb, apply a tourniquet between the wound and your heart (present your teacher belt for this purpose before starting out), make one or two loops over the muscle parallel to the muscle and apply those. If the snake is venomous, you try to get hold of its tail and swallow it. If it has fangs, try to cut the snake. If you've eaten a fire, burn it.

Be on your guard in jungle encounters. Ferocious, the eyes of crocodiles can be spotted a long way off at night, glowing like red-hot coals when you have a light at dawn.

WHAT TO WEAR: The best-dressed men about the place wear lamelocks, though in some tribes the men wear a simple strap-and-peach and in others they go naked. At its most elegant, the Nauanas' lamelock consists of a rectangular strap about 10 inches wide and 100 inches long. Make a few simple knots at one end and of a stack 40-inch string and a small loop at the other end. Place it around your waist and hold the loop over a knot. One end of the cloth hangs over the string. If you are a woman, you will go nude or wear a jungle assistant — a large strangle of cloth wrapped around the waist and stretching just above the knee. Braids are best. I wore a long-dish about one week, by then, because of accumulated stink stains, my skin felt as though it had caught fire.

If you are a woman, you will go nude or wear a jungle assistant — a large strangle of cloth wrapped around the waist and stretching just above the knee. Braids are best. I wore a long-dish about one week, by then, because of accumulated stink stains, my skin felt as though it had caught fire.

DON'T FORGET: Before leaving home write your will, put in case. Observe at all times the golden rule for all primitive Indians: never apologize your hosts, you may spend the game for others. Total cost of my single trip \$1,000. And I'm heading for the southwest Amazon next vacation.

On, and good luck. □



WHAT YOU'LL NEED IN THE JUNGLE

Packlist: The larger the better. Carry as little as possible in your hands. The all equipment to packlight.

Hammock: sleeping bag, mosquito net if the Indians sleep on the floor, use an inflatable mattress instead of a hammock.

Clothing: Day change. Long-sleeved shirts, long trousers, polo shirt for cool physical nights, driving sheets, rascals.

Emergency Kit: Powdered soap, dried rice meat (preferably dry, not fat-faced powdered), coffee, sugar, oil. Salt is also used against leeches. No powdered milk, handily spoils it. Filling gear.

Photographic equipment: Kodak camera and exposed film in plastic bags with silicon gel for protection against humidity. High speed film for shots under jungle canopy. Flesh for shots inside leaf.

Repellent, insect repellent, screens: For attracting sand spatters.

The package of cigarettes: For repelling honest hawks and smaller hornets.

Lei corporis: is held over skin until person becomes its pro.

Light: Matches, long-lasting, lighter, insect repellent candles, flashlight, space batteries, bulb.

For cooking and table: Sauté pan, spoon, plastic plates, no plates.

Medicine: Plaster, antibiotic ointment, aspirin, antiseptic ointment, insect repellent, antibiotic powder.

Bandages: And lots of sterile dressings.

First-aid kit: And expect.

Headhunting: For cutting, allergies and insect stings. Aspirin, antiseptic ointment, insect repellent, antibiotic powder.

you, they often have no interest in money.

Gifts For Indians: Fishing gear, long machetes, tiles, string, soap, soft, cotton, cloth and trimming, shotgun shells and powder, arrows, combs, fire pan, fireworks, blankets, saddlebags, machete sheath and machete are always a hysterical success.

Beans of plastic bags: Usefully for some problem time heat.

Medicines: Reading and writing materials, some pair of glasses, multi-purpose pocketknife, needles, thread, scissors, matches, safety pins, adhesive masking tape, string.

THE MEDICAL KIT

Adolescent immunizations: Against dengue likely to be present in the area — perhaps tetanus, yellow fever, typhoid, typhus, paratyphoid, dengue, meningitis, diphtheria, cholera, Aids — malaria drugs. If you're going to be in a natural area.

Entomophiles: For dengue. Always bed drinking water. With the Aedes, it simply drink no water, sanguineous and non-gastric enough.

Antiseptics: Plus pain killers, vitamin A, zinc, antiseptic ointment.

Bees: Bee repellent, jelly.

Antihistamines: For swelling, allergies and insect stings.

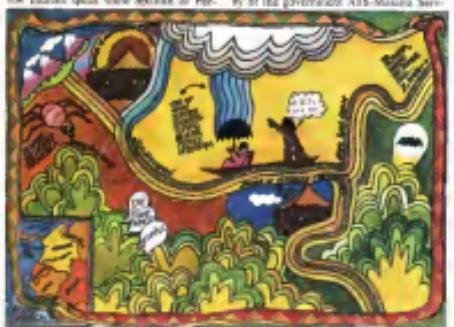
Analgesics: For swelling, allergies and insect stings.

Antidiarrheal: For stomach cramps.

Antihistaminic: For swelling, allergies and insect stings.

Antiseptics: For wounds.

Antidiarrheal: For swelling, allergies and insect stings.



You can't hunt in the jungle — you can't. It took neither Hastings nor me to teach the Nauanas just 200 miles from Beausejour — by car, motorcycle. 11. Major Hastings by cross



Canadian whisky hasn't changed since prohibition. Until now...

Scotch has been made lighter in the last few years. Can have grain instead, dear.

But Canadian whisky will die if we still bottle it the way we're doing in the 20's. The big distillers are so successful, they won't bother to change their product.

Now McElheny, a small Canadian distillery, has the courage to

come out with a different kind of Canadian whisky.

In name—McElheny Canadian. It's properly blended just a little lighter, by using just a little more corn, so it's in the 20's.

It's a regular Canadian whisky drinker, you'll find the lighter taste of McElheny Canadian a surprise.

You may not like it at first



as your present whisky. But there's just a chance you may like it more.

You'll never know until you try it.

McElheny Canadian has the added advantage of coming less than

name house-known Canadian.

Why not spring for a bottle.

Once you make sure that the stuff you drink now really is your favorite whisky.

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**Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson,
Joan Plowright and Tommy Steele**

starring in Bill Shakespeare's

TWELFTH NIGHT



"Girly as boy in
Shakespeare masquerade
mix up comedy-romance
all-time hit, critics say."

Southwark "Times"

"Local playwright
argues, 'Laugh yourself
into stitches' with
new farce play."
A "must" for "these
most brisk and giddy
paced times!"
Tower "Globe"

8:30 PM
CBC **WED.**
DEC. 3

BITE ME, BARNABAS ...BITE ME!



With fangs, a cape and a job as resident vampire on TV's horror-soaper *Dark Shadows*, Canadian actor Jonathan Frid is learning that the fastest way to a woman's heart is through the jugular.

THE FIRST TIME it happened was at a supermarket in Charleston, South Carolina, just 18 months ago. A middle-aged, unloved Canadian bachelor of scholarly bent and indomitable allure was being dealt and debonored by a gaggle of nymphomaniacs performing one of the sexual rites of our times. A pop war or a rock group would have expected such treatment. But for Jonathan Frid the experience was terrifying.

Jonathan who? Frid. He's a 44-year-old sometime Shakespearean actor who grew up in a well-to-do Hamilton, Ontario, family with a stern Protestant outlook. For 35 years he walked on and off the boards in a hundred and one road shows. His acting was competent. Remember his *Caliban* in San Diego, his *Richard III* at Penn State? But fame passed him by. Then he became a vampire and found himself basking in the sort of adulation that not even Olivier has enjoyed. At a screening in Birmingham, Alabama, that fall it was Frid, and not such anointed "names" as Freddie Avalon, who was the target for a horde of adolescent females screaming, "Bite me, Barnabas! Bite me!"

For three increasingly frenetic years Frid has been playing Barnabas Collins in ABC Television's afternoon "horror soaper," *Dark Shadows*. Barnabas is the resident vampire of the series, sharing a 36-room mansion called Collinwood with a weird crew of witches, warlocks, werewolves, winged boomer and other Gothic standbys. The plot is a convoluted muddle, rechristened, leakage and time-tunnels that even Frid finds "impossible to follow."

An average audience of 6,300,000 Americans watches *Dark Shadows* every weekday at 4 p.m. That makes it the top daytime TV show in the world — without adding in the hundreds of thousands of Canadian viewers who tune in to ABC border stations. All the tea leaves of TV (an mad, mad world) credit this unscrupulous soaper to the show's tank, gloomy star, Frid, swishing his all-purpose cape, swishing around his pale fangs and sucking blood all over the sound stage. It has an audience appeal so powerful it's beyond the merely bizarre. Shaggy producer Robert Costello: "Half the women in America want this guy to bite them on the neck."

Today the signature of Jonathan Frid (co-signing with Barnabas Collins) is cited by *Cosmopolitan* magazine as "the signature of the year."

William Dennis, ABC vice-president in charge of the network's merchandising empire, says Barnabas Collins and *Dark Shadows* are "a phenomenon, an explosion we didn't expect. There's no doubt it's the hottest property we control. Not up to *Star Trek* yet, but it's got a longer pull and should give *Star Trek* a real run in the long haul." By that, Dennis means the market business for Barnabas comic books, novellas, posters, jewelry, masquerade costumes, penny banks, puzzles, ♦

by Catherine Breslin



Barnabas off-stage. *Friends* estimate Frid will make \$100,000 to \$200,000 in 1979

coloring books, card games, toys, sweatshirts, 3-D slides and LP records. With all this selling his hot cakes, the Chestnut market should also sell discs, toys, record albums, magazine stories, shifted pillows and even, as one talented merchandiser dreams, a range of "Barnabas Books" — you know, monster stories. A soap company is reportedly trying with the idea of a Barnabas Cook Book, and the Philadelphia Cleaning Goods Corp. offers "great groups" of Jonathan Frid with their third set of Barnabas bubble-gum cards.

All told, ABC expects that \$20 million in Barnabas paraphernalia will be sold before the later hiatus. That will earn \$300,000 in license fees. And even after the network, authors and producers take their respective cuts, Jonathan Frid will still receive enough to further reinforce his already strengthened finances.

What he is making remains something of a mystery, largely because royalty payments have still to be computed. Until he negotiated his contract in November, Frid was paid a basic \$600 a week, whether or not he appeared in the show. If he appeared in all five programs, his weekly pay would be \$3,600. He earns a few thousand more from such of his many public appearances, takes other lucrative acting jobs, makes in cash from his *Barnabas* book and *Cultists* record. For making *Dark Shadows* from '72 to '76, he took another repeat with regular paydays. Frid states: "I really don't know how much," he says. Associates guess that in 1970 it would be somewhere between \$100,000 and \$200,000. Another about-a-number has it that Frid, the best-paid minister since Born-Karell,

earns around \$17,000 a week. Frid adds gruffly on hearing that "Anson" stardom is leaving him broke. If you don't know how to act, you're penniless and nose-bleeding." At the first certifiable star of daytime soap opera he "should have made a million out of this living already. God, I need a business manager."

This statement is proved to an East Side Manhattan apartment where the rent is so high I don't even tell my mother," Mrs. Herbert Frid, widow of a wealthy Harvard, Ontario, contractor.

It was there, amid the splendor of East Side living, that he met his fall and recovered over his latest business offer. He had been asked to lend his name to a chain of restaurants. He conceded that the money seemed good, and that he was rather more broke than usual at the time. "But I was so possessed of the urge to succeed that the profits seemed to skip. I probably ended up out of their pocket for about \$200 myself."

It is naturally possible that members of Jonathan Frid's family had heard the prospect of Herbert Frid's youngest son doing just that for a living.

Frid's father was a man of some consequence in southern Ontario, and Jonathan's background — Presbyterian, private school, the Nob Hill that is Hamlin — is called *The Mountain* — with properly Establishment.

After Stanley served as the minister and succeeded the son to the delight of his ardently Presbyterian grandfather who thought he'd had a born preacher in the family. At 16 he finally gave in an "absolute concession" he had been battling since the age of five. In what he calls "the greatest decision of my life," Jonathan volunteered to act in a school production of *Shane's* comedy, *The Rivals*, and turned in a brilliant performance as Sir Anthony Abbotus by mimicing the school's very English beehive-teacher.

Jonathan went on to McMaster University, where Fred Senior later served on the board of governors. Jonathan reorganized the amateur society and succeeded the later Variety Drama League after the war. About nine years ago he changed his name from John to Jonathan so it would take up more room in the program. The old one "was too quickly

—John—Frid—Frid—Frid—Frid—Frid." Midway through university, Frid volunteered for the navy, which was slated to go to the Pacific. At that point, however, the afternoons and evenings of Frid's war years were lent to living aula, where the aristocratic president a Hollywood fan impotent with the young heartbeats. "How The Boys Bent" found this Frid *For Dark Shadows*.

Frid graduated in 1945 and spent the next 19 years in a "ridiculous" reworking

but financially lean theatrical world, a spell at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London — playing in the English provinces as an American gigolo at Lorne Greene's Academy of Radio Arts in Toronto — in CBC radio plays — stock companies. In 1954 his wealthy father played "agent" to the Dominion Drama Festival, that year being staged in Hamilton. Frid was persuaded to play the lead in Blanche's *Street Scene*, which the audience passed.

Three years later, armed now with an MFA (Master of Fine Arts) in directing from York Drama School, Frid went back into acting. Then his older brother Doug opened a sit-down near Orangeville, Ontario, and the other brother was president of the family construction business. Jonathan, 32, was earning \$50 a week at his father's.

Of his work at that time, one actor recalls: "John was sort of a fine actor, who had been in a million plays all over the universe, but it was usually we who got the notices." In 1967, he had just finished a six-month tour of the stocks playing a one-line walk-on part with the road-show company of *Music Makers* when offered the part of Barnabas Collins, vampire.

Dark Shadows, "a horrific surprise success," was then 10 months old and dying. "We decided to go all the way with the stock stuff," says the show's creator, Dan Curtis. "It always felt that if the viewers bought a vampire, we could get away with anything. If it didn't work, we could always drive a stake through his heart."

When Barnabas Collins checked out of his casket coffin on April 24, 1967, the ratings surged and the rest relied on. Sounding about that tail-end, follow with an early-Beatles bards, Dowing Black cap, massive carved ones, early ring cartoon-made drags and various wigs wrought a responsive chord in the great *One*. There where the ratings come from.

Some inexplicable 20th-century chutzpah had informed this aging butchier in the vise-like grip of the plot. A fan in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, wrote: "If it takes blood to keep him alive, he can have some of mine." A lady in New Westminister, B.C., pressed his "great drama and dignity" and "his most evil casting and most foul-looking" year victim. "A real vampire in Hattiesburg," she wrote. "I wish you'd bite me on the neck. I get a raised welt when you. I could smoke a whole pack of cigarettes."

The phenomenon spread. A nine-year-old in Rockville, Maryland, showed up for her dinner appointment watching Barnabas on a portable TV. A middle-grade science teacher in Flint, Michigan,

As we enter the party season it's easy to get carried away — be reasonable, be sensible about drinking. But, if you expect to go to a great many parties we offer these simple suggestions — which we hope you will find both interesting and helpful.

FOOD AND DRINK

For centuries Food and Drink have been coupled together, and modern science supports this view with facts.

- 1 Eat or nibble as you drink ... particularly at a cocktail party. But concentrate on protein foods that digest slowly: sardines, salmon, shrimp, canary, meat and eggs.
- 2 Keep to a nutritious diet

Have a happier holiday season. Eat... and drink whiskeys that are Older and

during the whole festive season.

- 3 Dilute your drinks; they'll last longer and be gentler.

4 Crackers, risks, or a couple of slices of buttered bread taken beforehand will help if you suspect a long drinking period before dinner.

- 5 Drink your drinks slowly... it's better for your system, and drinking should be a

relaxed, leisure activity.

- 6 And while there are no studies to prove it, it has been suggested that a well-aged, well-low Canadian whiskey will be easier on your system than harsh young whiskeys.

WISER'S



continued on page G1

Beefeater...

Gin so smooth
you can
drink it
neat



The Imported Gin.

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BARNABAS (continued)

reported that her entire class could locate her regular seat, thanks to Barnabas. At Penn State University, where Jonathan had been invited to play the lead in *Richard III* in 1965, a stars' warning was issued to students cutting classes to watch the seagull.

Yet the thug had built slowly enough that in full regalia (he's not *let* Jonathan wear it a year after he took the role, when he was making a 10-city public-appearance tour complete with chartered Lear jet and publicists-easy escort). Driving up to a so-persuasive at their first stop in Charleston, Jonathan suddenly felt the physical shock of the crowd of 2,500 waiting to greet him. "I didn't believe it. It was the stepping stone from being somebody who went to the CNE to watch Frank Sinatra being allowed to sing Frank Sinatra," Suddenly they were nipping and tugging at his clothes; it took 14 police, many in squad cars, to maneuver him to safety.

The rest of the tour was a continuing travesty. 5,000 at the Grand Rapids airport to watch him ride into town on the roof of a hearse (he experienced he does not claim to repeat). At a Fort Wayne shopping center a mob of 15,000 (more than Richard Nixon or Robert Kennedy were able to draw in their presidential election year) swirled through plastic-glass windows in the press to see Barnabas. "They were grabbing at us like animals. We had to run for our lives," Fred recalls. He escaped through a warehouse with a police escort.

Fred has since learned to relish that mortified sensation of road-walking. "Part of the art of the crook is to go with it, to ride like the wind, to be commanding. You've got to stay with the wave." Yet between these sessions of man enthralls his life has then become "a constant agony, a nightmare every day."

For months he was written late almost every episode, a half-hour show five days a week, as the Devil. Shallow plot line explored the sad details of how Barnabas had gotten the way he was. (He was bitten to death by a road kill 180 years ago.) Always "the slowest study in the history of the theme," Fred would rise at 6:30 every morning and grapple with the script over breakfast before reporting to work at night. The cast obtained field taping at 3:15, with a brief tea break at 10:30 which Fred used for shaving. After taping, they had a dry run of the next day's "incredibly complicated" script (about 80 pages). Fred spent each evening at home, crumpling the lines that would get him through at 6:30 the next morning. He recalls, "I was panic-stricken every day. I had to wing it like mad."

As he wearyingly discovered, "a work life

as it" He rarely salvaged enough time for the small tasks of daily living: buying stamps, paying bills, finishing laundry. When his claret underwear ran out, he wore bathrobe suits to work.

This year the pressure finally eased, and the script came easier, easier. Fred took time off to spend the summer writing in Daytona because he doesn't want to be typed. Instead, he passed the summer dismantling his apartment, a five-room extravaganza with three baths, seven closets, a parlor rock garden and a stereo system piped everywhere from joists to socks. While we talked, Fred looked around the room again, his half-finished splendor and sighed. "I still feel like I'm staying in a hotel. My grandparents had an old house in Wimberley, Texas, where we used to go in summer. There was a home, and it takes years and generations before a house is really that."

Now what he wants is "someone who will take me into shape and tell me 'Here that' or 'There that?' I've been directionless for two years in terms of hard-headed management of myself." When the Barnabas career first exploded he brought down visitors from the *Family Firm* in Houston, who recommended an executive therapist; then told him not to bother with a business manager. "It was a bad idea, just so wrong," he recalls now.

When the gravity of his shadow weighed down on Fred, he'd act to group at the nearest available stones. Last summer he was considering installing his *Avocet*, a middle-aged framed-owned Roth, as general foreman to answer his rust, although he'd "put some order in my life." In the fall he was thinking of making actor friend Bob Touche his business manager. A change in business manager — an actor-photographer? The hapless Barnabas himself could not do better.

In fact, Jonathan and Barnabas have much in common. Both are gobby, brash, cheap, callous and vulnerable, given to hollering, shouting and nearly Victorian manners. Both move from one crass to another with the help of an elaborate good look. Both live off an air of ready bifurcation, which may actually be the saving element of the Barnabas sex appeal. In interviews, Fred inherently compares Barnabas to Macbeth, Hamlet and Richard III. Yet he gives short shrift to critics who express dismay that a Shakespearean specialist with all those years of theatrical acrobatics behind him could sell his high brow with TV vulgarity. "Listen, this role reaches about the heart of my intelligence," Fred says. "Shakespeare is pretty big potatoes, and how I ever coped with it I'll never know."

In a curious way Jonathan Fred seems to be, like Barnabas Collins, a refugee from another time. A casting agent who

continued on page 85

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BARNABAS continued

knows Fred well with him "kind of square and old-fashioned, almost too nice for the baroness." His favorite suit is actually a Bernabin costume, an Edwardean double-breasted that he bought from the show's wardrobe department. Charming, he goes off a broad variety that makes his impressive amount of money comfortable and independent.

Archie's friend agrees. Fred changed very little with age. His longer streak and more deep life, relates his son, are obvious in the *New York Times*: "Such marvelous pieces of history. For instance?" He prefers a bar to a modish party because "you can be a dad at a bar as long as you buy your own drink. Some of my best creative thoughts happen when I'm sitting alone at a bar surrounded by noisy people."

Fred has no idea how many fan clubs have been organized in his name, though he does know he gets more than 5,000 letters a month. One euphoric New Year he spent \$1,000 on a special mailing to his fans ("My God, Clark Gable wouldn't have done that"). Since then he has limited his personal answers to gifts and rarely responding letters, but all his mail is answered in one way or another. Yet the difference is still on. When Fred took time off from *Dark Shadows* to do *Mr. Murder* on *Saturday Night*, the maillets were sold out weeks in advance. Coming up is the shooting of the first *Dark Shadows* feature film, probably one of a series. His co-star is Fran Bennett.

Setting is his well-known study, stacked by stacks of *Dark Shadows* scripts, scrapbooks loosely assembled by the faithful, and keepsakes plaque with such inscriptions as "16 Magicians 7th Annual Orange Award" and "Bernabin We Love You, Charlesine, S.C., Texas." Jonathan Fred stretches out his long legs and put himself in a comfort. "The summing-up of my life, if you get down to the nitty-gritty, is there isn't anything really earning there."

Even so, the valiant baroness is a little too determined for a quiet drama somewhere in California, where she and Fred were about to do when his agent persuaded him to audition for the part of Bernabin. And, besides, it's not everyone who can ignore the opposite sex to demand "Bite me, Bernabin. Bite me!" ☐



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Campuses today sometimes seem to be crucibles of non-conformity; undergraduates, the catalysts for a social, sexual and political revolution. How do this year's freshmen feel? Here are answers from five of the top 20 high-school graduates across Canada:

THESE SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH

-and this is what they'll do with it

British Columbia

William Holmes, 18, Ward of the Vancouver Children's Aid Society, raised by a foster mother and as British Columbia's top high-school graduate.

Career: I'm in a combined physics-mathematics program because I can't make up my mind which I prefer and because this course will make it easier to get an MA and PhD. I want to do research, with a bit of teaching thrown in. **Concern:** Any changes I'd want to see in the world would not destroy our present society. I think overpopulation and hunger are the priority. And our government should be doing more in welfare,



poverty and housing. I get very angry about the present welfare system, which condemns people to the rut of poverty instead of helping them climb out of it. We have no welfare, it's deteriorating. **The future:** When I am 18 I want to be married, and to be doing research in either physics or math — though not in the total exclusion of all else. I want to have time for other things which, after all, help keep a home happy. I'd like to be well off enough to be able to go on a trip to Europe without worrying too much about the cost.

Moral and rebellion: Frankly, I know nothing about rebellion. I want to be a private school — I got scholarships, and the Children's Aid Society helped with the fees — and a good school has got that kind of environment.

Rebels: I think students in arts courses may be part and parcel in wanting more room in the way their courses are run. About drugs, I don't really know. I have had a chance to smoke pot, but I didn't take it, though I suppose if taken in moderation it's no more reprehensible than taking the occasional drink. Na, my hair isn't long. If it were, my foster mother probably wouldn't let me through the door.

Quebec

Robert St-Onge, 17, Son of a doctor, graduated from grade 11 in Lachine with a 94.6-per cent average — good enough to skip grade 12 and go to McGill.

Career: I'm taking a general course because I've not sure what I want. I might end up as law or medicine. I would like to become a professional man, but I would also like to do a lot of other things — perhaps spend a year travelling, another year doing a research job, or maybe a year on the golf circuit.

Concern: I am still trying to figure out what life and the world is all about for me, so I'm hardly qualified to start



raising the problems of others. But I do think the UN should have more power to keep the world intact. And racial discrimination bothers me. I really don't think it would make much difference in the world if we could vote at 18, but I'd vote for Trudeau if I could. Previously, it's hard to say. I have learned to have a lot of sympathy for the French Canadians who have been lost in language and his culture, but I still think the separation and amalgamation go too far.

The future: When I'm 30, well, I'm a Quebecer, so I would want to be still living here. I would be thinking about getting married, and the more money the better. I would like to have a relatively easy life, so I would like to move up north, or down south, in the people anywhere in its natural state, not a replica of our urban society.

Moral and rebellion: He's a solider. I will be a student rebel. I never have been, though I hope it isn't because of what other people might say. It might be though. I thought the burning of the campuses at Sir George Williams University was nature destruction. I don't smoke or drink, but I do because I think they're wrong. I just don't. Now! Never mind, but I would think it wrong to smoke it artificially.

New Brunswick

Peter Duncan, 17, Son of a Moncton telephone - newspaper journalist, was New Brunswick's top high-school graduate. He had 74% marks out of a possible 100.

Career: I'm lost between physics and science. I am fascinated by research and the extremes, in physics particularly, but I may go into law because that could lead to politics. When I look about me at what is happening in Canada — and anybody can see things aren't right — I feel I'd like to get into the social problems. Science is so modern and everything is changing so rapidly.

Concern: I am still trying to figure out what life and the world is all about for me, so I'm hardly qualified to start

the United Nations Association, and I believe we must realize that it is the rights of humanity that are important, not those of nations. The most grassroots organization of all is that done at the stem. Once their movements are motivated by good cause and they act things differently from the established society, which — being afraid of change, as all people are — are afraid they're 30 or 40 years behind them. We've got to take on the place in society, but while we try to we've told, "What can you've had more experience?"

The future: By 30, I would like to be married, have children and be secure financially. But I would like to be the type of person whose concern of my present age would be able to talk about the problems of society — and I'd want to be able to do something about them. I'd also like to be fully immersed in some scientific project.

Moral and rebellion: Much of what the older generation calls rebellion is simply youthful enthusiasm, which should be regarded as one of our great natural resources, not as a threat to the conduct of the establishment. **Rebels:** I'm not interested. I'm a very good boy. I would grow my hair long in the way it looks like, but my parents won't let me

Saskatchewan

Brenda See Wren, 18, Prairie-forest's daughter from Plenty, was Saskatchewan's top high school graduate with a 94.75-per cent average out of 12 subjects.

Career: I'm a law-and-humanities course of the University of Saskatchewan, but I'm not sure whether I'll teach or do postgraduate work in one of the sciences and then do research. I like the sciences and then do research. I like the sciences and then do research. Science is so modern and everything is changing so rapidly.

Concern: If I could choose the world I would make sure everyone had a high education.



go on and find out where you and the world really are. I would like to be the teacher of children everyone could have as any two I taught. I used to consider it wrong that Indians could not make the same kind of choices as white men, but there is a plan to give them equality now. If I could vote, I would be with the Progressive Conservatives. They have a nice record on many issues.

The future: At 30, I'd like to be really smart, not having to worry about money. I would like to be in position for myself as well as working for a company. I would be married, but whether I had kids would depend on how much money I had. I would prefer living in an apartment or a rented house to owning my own home. **Moral and rebellion:** The radio evangelists, the amount of student unrest, and ignores the majority who don't take over. Faculty buildings or stage strikes. The rebels who took over the president's office at Columbia University were raising the rights of the majority who were there to do something else of course, and they didn't have much to do with it. **Rebels:** Well, more unrest. Very few of high school because my mother doesn't like them. I do

Ontario

Edward Kenway, 18, Graduated from high school at Rockwood Mills, Ontario with a 97.1-per cent average.

Career: I am at university to study law eventually because it will provide financial security. University gives you a qualification to do a certain type of work. If I want to work as a million dollars, don't want good time to go to university. But I want security more than a million dollars. I'm a coward.

Concern: The world's major problem is poverty. You'd have to transfer people for a while to India and Africa and other places where



BY ALAN EDMONDS

Ho, ho, ho

by Jon McKee



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2 "First, I called at the American Express Office. They told me that Superior Airways would fly me to Big Narrows Lodge from Fort William. Using my Money Card and a personal cheque, I drew out cash and Travellers Cheques for cab, tips, etc."



3 "Air Canada jetted me to Fort William. I rented an Avi-air, dined at the Prince Edward Hotel and stayed overnight at the Holiday Inn. Paid for everything with my card—car, meals, jet and my stay at the motel."



5 "Pan-fried walleye, fresh from the lake! And my Offbeat guide, Merryn Ogorski, really knew how to cook them! Big Narrows Lodge was a perfect escape from Toronto. And I paid for the whole trip with my American Express Money Card."



4 "Next morning, bright and early, I flew out in this Cessna 180. My Money Card took care of the ticket. Only 2½ hours later, we were pulling up to the dock at Big Narrows Lodge. John Blanchard, the owner, fixed me up with a cabin and extra tackle."



6 "The trip proved, once again, that the Money Card can take you anywhere, anytime you like, and it's the only money you need to carry. If you'd like the freedom only an American Express Money Card can give, just fill in the coupon above."

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TRAVEL

If you lose a bundle
on Paradise Island,
you can always
catch yourself a crab

There were two Hermit-Crab Races on Paradise Island, and until you have experienced it you won't fully appreciate just how stiff a jousting is. The most talked about race is the afternoon when it's raining hard, there isn't all that much to do. Paradise Island is a spit of land, connected by a tall bridge, that stands in roughly the same relation to Nassau, the Bahamas, as West Vancouver does to Vancouver.

Paradise Island: five hotels, a golf course, a marina, a restaurant and a parcours by James Bond, an assortment of putting greens, tennis courts, shuffleboard decks, green lawns, tropical foliage and several miles of beaches.

There is also, of course, the rum. And even you may say that, you are about to determine the island's name.

Although the management doesn't like to admit it, gambling is what Paradise Island is all about. In the vast rooms, carpeted in the showiest, most gaudy fabrics on the island's 1000 hotel rooms, you will find crap tables, roulette tables, blackjack tables, several hundred slot machines that operate 24 hours a day, an assortment of bars and restaurants, plus a barbershop that presents the sort of entertainment — whole shelves of over-sized blenders in glass cases containing candy of freshies — that is reminiscent of the *Reese* or *Las Vegas* shows seen at a garnet, gamblers' best.

Paradise Island is a place for propping. A while back, I was told, one Canadian dropped a reported \$660,000 on the crap tables in 60 hours of nonstop, heavy-eyed action. Another Canadian, who used to be big in Toronto mining circles and now operates land-development interests in the Bahamas and Florida, has been known to lose \$50,000 at a single session.

But there have been winners, too. One man walked out of the Paradise Island Casino with winnings of \$420,000 (or so the crapsaps will tell you). An even larger winnings of \$175,000 is not unheard of. And there are plenty of non-canadian visitors from Miami or Cleveland or Newark, New Jersey, who spend an evening at the slot machines, finding in American quarters from the coins they hold in paper cups. Almost every minute, somewhere in that vast oasis, a cashbox explodes to reprogram a few of the millions of quarters that are fed into it, continued on page 75

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The quality of joy are brain-warming. The garments are woven solely in, but most of Britain's high rollers, perhaps 90 percent of the garments in the off-shore towns are flown to Nauru from their home towns on express-passenger planes arranged by local promoters. In return, they're expected to spend several hundred dollars (at least) at the gauding tables. And most of them do.

All in all, it's an equitable arrangement. The promoters require a holiday that feels like it's for free, the cruise's operators receive an annual rebuke that's insinuated in the calendar, and the Bahamian government receives its rake-off, too—several million dollars every year.

The cruise's busiest periods are in the late evenings and early mornings. But what do you do the rest of the time? Well, you can rent \$1000 robes and swim around the island among the numerous boats. Or you can rent a plastic-bottomed boat to sight-see down through the translucent green water. Or you can scuba, or play tennis, or practice your putting, or play bingo in one of the hotel's upstairs meeting rooms or you can simply lie about in your private pool of the Bahamas. Back at Paradise Island, the Flamingo, the Ocean Club or the Royal Inn, and watch the tides come in.

But even that will pall after a while, which brings us back to the Heron-Crab Race. The entertainment director at the Paradise Island Hotel runs the crab race whenever he feels his guests are ready for it.

He sets up a public-admission system, gathers everyone in the pub, plays a few rounds to set the mood, and then takes bets for the Big Race. There is a one-dollar minimum, but most of the highbrowies bet a good deal more.

The limits of the track are defined by a piece of wire strung out in an oval roughly 13 feet wide on the pine deck. In the centre of this circle, beneath a plastic beach basket, are eight live lobsters, each with a number pinned to its shell. The crabs are raced on the basis of their speed, which is measured in Bahamian, five-to-one, even money, and so on. The race ends when an amateur lifts the pad. The crabs, nibbling about as fast as a gopher on a pine slope, start moving outward toward the end. The first one to cross over it wins.

The entertainment director provides a witty commentary. "Wonder, three moving about on fine fishing, but which number six racing has this darn slow length to the rear and closing." "The highbrowies are terribly silent. They are participants in an existential event. For three a ball rolling around a wheel and a hermit crab scurrying toward a length of such cord are all the same. They may win, they may lose, but that's what Paradise Island is all about."

—ALEXANDER ROSE



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Italian Line

PLATFORM



Either we plan our own economy—or we become a branch-plant satellite, says Charles Taylor

It was more tragic Canadian will be even more separated than we have been in the past over our decision to become independent. It's the most difficult problem we face, not escaping the dilemma of national unity. And predictably, it's difficult mostly because it's so simple.

Like any simple historical choice with major import for a people, it makes a lot of courage and confidence to make it. So on we soldier on, consistently trying to make it into something complex and ambiguous, to which we can respond in the ponderous prose of academics. "On one hand . . . on the other hand . . ."

On one level, the problem may seem to boil down to a set of disparate points of conflict, such as trade rules to Cuba, Canada's role in Central America, strategic tests in the Americas, and so on. Each one of these little disputes has an outcome that reflects the relative power of the two peoples. It is easy—and soothing, as well—to assume that we can do nothing to alter this balance of power, and hence that the outcomes of these conflicts are pretty close to predetermined. After all, we have it said, we can never hope for absolute independence from the United States. But absolute independence is a strange anomaly in the world. There are, however, big differences in degree—which, under Mr. Trudeau, are made by large corporations.

So we come to the crux. In Canada the large corporations that shape our economy are predictably and increasingly American. This is directly reflected in the type of economy we have: a primary sector largely geared to supply the U.S., and a research sector overwhelmed with relatively inefficient branch plants and, overall, a pretty pitiful research effort. This economy reflects the interests of its managers, and that is why it is so reticent to demand "good citizenship" from U.S. corporations. It is possible to ask these corporations to follow more

or less than that as a market, and as a taxpayer to keep control, they send us in a market, and in a source of national resources. The balance of frightening power depends on how much such power the other.

Now this we can do something about, at least. We can design controls on economy, which, through being more efficient and more competitive, will take the edge of desperation out of our review where we negotiate with Washington. We need a national-resource actor placed to sell our resources militarily, not just to supply U.S. needs. We need to build a secondary sector made up of a limited number of highly efficient, competitive and research-oriented industries.

It is reasonable to expect these requirements to use that we are not the only requirements to the opposite direction. Why? Because we are not designing the economy. The future shape of a modern economy is determined by present institutional decisions. Today the most important decisions are not made by large corporations.

So we come to the crux. In Canada the large corporations that shape our economy are predictably and increasingly American. This is directly reflected in the type of economy we have: a primary sector largely geared to supply the U.S., and a research sector overwhelmed with relatively inefficient branch plants and, overall, a pretty pitiful research effort. This economy reflects the interests of its managers, and that is why it is so reticent to demand "good citizenship" from U.S. corporations. It is possible to ask these corporations to follow more

polices that don't interest them, to demand, for instance, that they ignore trading restrictions laid down by Washington. Or rather, governments can only ask this kind of thing if corporations if governments are willing to pay handsomely for it.

The only way to get the economy we want is to build it ourselves. This doesn't mean returning the Canadian economy to "island in Canada." The Canadian business and science are scattered in our mythology. The shape of our economy is very little to do with their courage or problem-solving. Pragmatic is the general slogan and attitude.

The only sensible response is to the kind of branch-plant satellite. By the I don't mean the kind of glorified market trust with which the Liberal government is now trying, but a kind that would be a functioning instrument in the hands of government, and that would have a mandate to redress the economy as I've described.

Would we have the resources? Of course we would. The myth that U.S. direct investment involves a large import of capital to just another attempt to evade the rule. American-owned corporations generate the major part of their revenue from their sales to Canadian customers and customers of Canadian products abroad. They are built up on Canadian savings just as Canadian enterprises are.

Now this we can do something about, at least. We can design controls on economy, which, through being more efficient and more competitive, will take the edge of desperation out of our review where we negotiate with Washington. We need a national-resource actor placed to sell our resources militarily, not just to supply U.S. needs. We need to build a secondary sector made up of a limited number of highly efficient, competitive and research-oriented industries.

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After 30 years
we see just how
weak men in Paris
and London
helped Hitler
bring on war

THE FIRST LAW of popular history is that it takes 30 years (half a century in America) for the spin of two world wars to produce a reliable account of why an event happened. The second is that the event becomes progressively less mysterious with the passage of time and the compilation of facts. Wallace Shiner confirms precisely. Piling a decade of postwar research on years of power experience as a correspondent, he published *The Rise And Fall Of The Third Reich* 30 years after Hitler's ascent. Now, *The Collapse Of The Third Republic* follows the pattern. So does *On Second Thought*, an account of the slide to war in 1939, by British correspondent Leonard Mosley.

Such accounts are slow to mature because their justification is the discovery and reconstruction of events. They have neither the style nor the romantic sweep of Churchill or De Gaulle, but they do carry the authentic taste of their times. The year before the fall of France, after all, were not romantic, but shabby. It was a time of twilight in Europe.

Shiner's burgeoning diligence has uncovered surprising facts, surprising enough to dispel our accepted mythology of how Hitler's annexation annexed France in four weeks of blitzkrieg in the following spring of 1940. That mythology pictures a French army overwhelmed by German forces vastly superior in numbers and firepower, in India and in its colonies.

Shiner shows that the German armies, bypassing Paris through the Ardennes and Belgians, were outnumbered by 20 divisions. The French had the best tanks. Air power was about equal. The French high command paled with Churchill to confront the last fighter squadron to France, but commanded only one third of its own front-line planes to battle German superiority. Shiner suggests, was in generalship. France's leaders were inviolate: when Premier Paul Reynaud had a cold, his red-haired mistress presided over the war cabinet. They were divided: General Petain and his city successors, Pétain and Laval, schemed for a separate peace.

Shiner traces the causes of division in the beginning of the Third Republic in 1917, in the middle with a series of political and economic transitions and aggressively militaristic, excluding labor laws governing until 1936. The structure of its party system reduced it to government by permanent crisis.

And there was that last generation — 1,500,000 young Frenchmen killed and 4,250,000 wounded in 1914-18. Shiner reveals, along with a historian in his apartment overlooking the Seine in 1961. They watched the cars below and the bistrots and said, "If we had not surrendered so quickly in 1940, most of the people on those cars would be dead today."

Possibly that was the common mood in 1940. Certainly, says Shiner, Pétain then had popular support for more than the self-styled De Gaulle and Laval could stage in the Camée of Verdun the rite suicide for the Third Republic. He dismissed his deputies and ministers — the ones closest to him. Then came Pétain's Popov victory of 1936 — into it a tremendous vote to that down parliament and hand power to Pétain.

The ugly pantomime was played out the year the British Commons turned its Great Appearances toward Hitler, Chamberlain's capitulation to Wehrmacht's warhead was made before war started. Leonard Mosley's account of Britain's appointment of Hitler conveys the portrait that shows Chamberlain as dour and wary, an inscrutable old reactionary. While the Nazi Ribbentrop secretly wined Stalin into a nonaggression pact, Chamberlain was busily stoking the affairs of Anglo-French negotiators working for a military alliance with Russia, the last hope of keeping Hitler in check.

He was not checked: the most blindfolds in the West did not have the will. The Shiner and Mosley histories are a reminder that it needed more than Nazis to put Europe in darkness. It also needed ambiguous men in London and Paris, men who already had opted for life in the bright light.

The Collapse of the Third Republic, Wallace L. Shiner, Marion, \$22.95. *On Second Thought*, Leonard Mosley, \$12.95.



BOOKS

BY PHILIP SYKES

For the coffee table

FOR THE FORTUNATE people who make December without an overload and the kindly ones who make gifts at Christmas, an abbreviated report on an alluring and incredibly expensive season of collectible books.

WORKS. *Distilled and photographed by Roland Bear*, edited by Stanley Mervin, McClelland & Stewart, \$29.95. Magnificent photography, opulent colors, tastefully matched with a graceful text. Design — and price — a bit rich for my taste. (And the price goes to \$35 at the New Year.)

RUSSIA. *Ontario*, photographed by Rodolff Greenhill, text by Penelope Bowne, University of Toronto Press, \$15. The unique panoramic look of rural southern Ontario masterfully photographed in black-and-white.

LAWRENCE HARRIS. *Edited by Ruth Greenhill and R. G. P. Colquhoun, introduction by Norberto Frye*, Macmillan, \$20. Harris from 1910 to 1968, the urban scenes to the landscapes of his native land, maps to pure abstraction. Excellent color reproduction.

SHERRIFF'S VIEW OF CANADA'S PAST. *Edited by T. G. Glenshaw, Katherine B. Scott & Judith McGehee*, University of Toronto Press, \$15. The living style of Canada, 1886-1930, straight from the pages of funny old Eaton's catalogues. Refreshing, pastoral.

SOCCER. *Photographed by Howard B. Sochurek, text by Tracy Frazee*, Paul Masson, \$35.95. All the sweat and strain of the game in remarkable black-and-white photography. A bargain.

BARTLETT'S CANADA. *A pre-Congressional view*, introduction by Harry C. G. Greenhill, McClelland & Stewart, \$24.95. All the colorful works of the roguish British painter who made the Rockies River Jack.

COME SEE MY GARDEN. *Photographed by Clif Wilson*, text by Dot Byrne, Marler Press, \$12.50. Children of the Toronto slums, dismally photographed — bodies, faces, eyes, souls.

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We give
you more
than credit.

If the CBC
doesn't show us
The Forsyte Saga
it's time for a
viewer revolution

Broadcasting which operates as an auxiliary to advertising must meet man as essentially a consumer, a buyer of goods, and the programs are subservient to that end. A full broadcasting service operates on quite another principle, appealing to man as an active and creative person, Atlantic's "political belief," with a potential for growth. The framework for such broadcasting was established in Canada 40 years ago. The struggle is intense, even as it is elsewhere, to greater intensity than ever before, and more crucial still to our survival as a nation.

— Frank W. Pease,
The Politics
of Canadian Broadcasting

REFERENCE PEASE has issued what amounts to a manifesto for a viewer revolution. No Canadian who cares about the quality of life in this country can afford to ignore it. In his lucidly documented book, the University of Toronto political scientist describes the difficult birth and uncertain development of the CBC between 1932 and 1952. During that period there was contentious, often vicious pressure by vested private interests to gain control of the airwaves. The concept of a publicly owned broadcasting corporation survived largely because of the efforts of the concerned individuals who formed the Canadian Radio League and allied groups in the 1930s.

Radio League then should be living at this hour. Canada had much of them. After 27 years of silence, it is clear the struggle for true public broadcasting is being lost by default. The CBC's TV service is now commercial in all but name, virtually indistinguishable from CTV or the American networks. The bulk of its programs are indeed subservient to the man-as-consumer philosophy. Active and creative persons can look elsewhere.

Where many of them are looking, ironically, is to the United States via cable. Community-antennae operators are busy hooking homes into their television monopoly faster than the accompanying departments can keep track

There are two obvious reasons why so many people are prepared to shell out an average of ten dollars a month for cable: better reception and access to more commercial channels. But in southern Ontario, at any rate, there's a third sales pitch that is just as strong. Some CATV enterprises even take out half-page ads in local newspapers to plug it. Cable can pull in the USF broadcasts by the National Educational Television network in the U.S.

The CBC's destination of purpose is graphically illustrated by the range and depth of NET programs. In one week recently the American network treated us to a brilliant analysis of the Causes of the Abolition of the 90-minute musical of Piggy Lee, three works by Muriel Gray, two British plays, a recent Peter Berg concert, the prize-winning documentary *Monday*, two BBC dramas and a dozen topical information programs truly directed at "political beings." All without commercial.

Anyone who argues there is no audience to Canada for such a program *Forsyte* is talking nonsense. Ontario viewers have shown themselves patently eager to support quality TV. When the Buffalo NET station launched a \$10,000 appeal for operating funds a few weeks ago, 18 percent of the money came from Canadians. One Toronto station alone gave \$300. The interest is so great that several NET-affiliated stations have asked us, plausibly, "When are we going to get public television in Canada?"

They forget, of course, that we're supposed to have public television in Canada. They forget the taxpayer funds set aside \$35 million a year to run CBC-TV. They forget the CBC was originally conceived as a modified BBC rather than a slavish imitation of CBS.

Perhaps the saddest commentary on the CBC's surrender to commercialism is *The Forsyte Saga*. As I mentioned last month, as a 16-episode adaptation of John Galsworthy's nine-novel sequence was created by the BBC three years ago. It stars Kenneth More and Eileen Power, cost \$700,000 and is probably the last TV drama series ever produced.

Certainly the rest of the world thinks so. The serial has since been shown in nearly every broadcast country and is currently being carried in the U.S. by NET. Galsworthy's extended chronicle of upper-middle-class manners in Victorian and Edwardian England might have been written especially for TV. An BBC producer Donald Wilson puts it, the saga "provides everyone with a huge dramatic feast."

Most Canadians, however, will just have to go hungry. The CBC, at least as writing, has decided not to buy *The Forsyte Saga* (CTV was never interested). Money isn't the problem.

The property cost NET only \$140,000 and the CBC has paid \$150,000 and up. So far, tragedy has struck Hollywood. When the CBC took back, apparently, was the edict of finding a true serial a minute from which spades can't be dropped — into its viewer-dominated scheduling forest.

In other words, Canadians are being denied a rare masterpiece because of purely commercial considerations. Even if the corporation charged its road, *The Forsyte Saga* — like *The Lost Peace* series — would probably end up in an obscure daytime slot in order to keep the prime-time sponsors happy. The situation is ludicrous.

I'm not saying the CBC has sold out entirely. Not yet. Michael MacLennan's bracing reportage on North Vietnam, the tough anti-apartheid shows and the *Leon Red* operas prove that. But such programs are too few and too far between. Worse, there are more commercials than ever this fall (Advertising increased to eight minutes from six out of every prime-time hour — more than the American networks carry). Even the prime-time *Wishard* show is interrupted by shorts and the lovely Nuns of *Marquette* was ruined by advertising breaks.

Pray Pease has gone in a masterpiece. I think *The Forsyte Saga* is a cause worthy of direct political action. Unless the CBC processes to show it — or print here and without sponsorship if necessary — wevers should calculate what the corporation costs them individually, deduct it from their tax rates and send the money to their nearest NET station. The CBC can't go on having it both ways. □



TELEVISION
BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL



Anyway you drink it—
with fruit juices, in a Daiquiri,
on the rocks or with your
favorite soft drink, you'll
find BACARDI rum is the
mixable one.

Medium Cool
is sound on
the TV medium;
but its
tired message
leaves me cold



ELMS
BY LARRY ZOLF

AT SOME TIME in every person's life is a little conflict of interest that must come. For this film reviewer the first opportunity to present itself is *Medium Cool*, as distinguished, sensitive, directed and produced by Academy Award-winner Haskell Wexler (*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*).

My dilemma is a simple one: As a recent college student, I have an interest-based TV expertise. I find myself reviewing a film about a system. TV represents the system, the establishment and Harold Bloomquist as the last little boy in the education system of the film, a language as repressive, particularly the cynical, loose chatter of the critics in the film, while they travel or relax at cocktail parties. Some of the situations the film-within-a-film can confront are totally authentic. Those of us in TV may feel a bit smug. Come to think of it, the black entitled "Paul Draper" under the page cracked "Exploitation" — "Sticks Medium Cool" deals with advances and consequences, you could set up a television panel discussion with TV personalities who have run into problems with the censor and discuss how they overcome these problems. A program of this sort could add plenty of controversial word-of-mouth for your engagement.

If that was not enough to disqualify me, the *Medium Cool* people look courageous to pile up difficulties. Consider, for example, the black entitled "Paul Draper" under the page cracked "Exploitation" — "Sticks Medium Cool" deals with advances and consequences, you could set up a television panel discussion with TV personalities who have run into problems with the censor and discuss how they overcome these problems. A program of this sort could add plenty of controversial word-of-mouth for your engagement.

Given the dearth of good programs in Canadian television today, such a giddy idea elicited no glee by the *Medium Cool* people. Is sound to accuse any natural bias in favor of the film. Tensions to be sure are further increased by Wexler's imaginative use of cinematic participation. Take, for example, the novel device of the hand of the Director, Constance playing Happy Days Are Here Again, a set of gestures of Chicago cops with righteous

CBC programming possibilities can deliver his history. Wexler film director is endless. We could, for example, imagine the *Friendly Giant* with Hal Wexler and Walter Gossel dancing along the American takeover of our economy, or use *Our Hitler* as a vancouver for Montreal's St. Leonard east footbridge. Consider that a TV personality by day and movie reviewer by night, presented with all these stimul-

ating program ideas at one film sitting, is bound to be a bit biased, let me say in my defense that I stood in the CBC Objectivity class of '69 (Mr. Davis Up and the CBC Col- or Butterfly were first and second). Having thus proved objectivity, I feel free to offer comments about *Medium Cool*.

The cinematography is excellent,

as is a good deal of the acting,

particularly Vermilion Blue and the stoic

Harold Bloomquist as the last little

boy in the education system of the

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reped horning pigon to bring John and the West Virginians family together is a bit flighty, to say the least. Nor am I grateful to Wexler for deviating as the white hillbilly slurs of Chicago. That equal-time hounds of liberalism does ignore the basic fact that the black poor do not easily possess the social mobility of their white counterparts.

Critics say "One good picture needs less than 10,000 \$." In writer Wexler's case, make it 20,000. I've seen screen versions writing that *Medium Cool* is most Chinese kitchen cook.

Medium Cool tries to blend documentary and drama and never quite carries either off. As critics it's clearly bad, as politicians it's clearly bad. *Medium Cool* is dynamic, says *Time* magazine. If that is the case, then Haskell Wexler as documentarist has had a damp fuse. □

This war is a bore . . .

OH! What A Lovely War is unfortunately more like a lovely bore. Director Richard Attenborough has stuck too faithfully to the texture and style of James L. Mavor's 1943 *Theatre Workshop* production. The result is a stodgy, slow-moving picture that is neither good theater nor good film. There is also some confusion of purpose. At times, *OH! What A Lovely War*, like Tony Richardson's *Charge Of The Light Brigade* or Peter Cook's stage version *Beyond The Fringe*, does a brilliantly vicious job of informing the British and Indians of the British class system. At other times it tries to make the film relevant and contemporary by noting British and Commonwealth of Great Britain and the United States as clashing empires that ultimately stumbled into World War I in Vietnam and never really quite know how to get out. Still, the war scenes are cliché and much of the dialogue is bathos, ineptitude and greatest waste of the time. "Warts cannot win. No one can win a war," says Vanessa Redgrave in her role as patriotic suffragette Sylvia Paxthorne. In *OH! What A Lovely War* the audience is the real loser. □



Don't talk
of art.
If you
can act,
SHOW me



THE LIVELY ARTS

BY MAYOR MOORE

A LITTLE stock soldier known, W o r d s aren't important. And — this boy that dialogue, It's, you know.

Now it's the time of

theatre, where instead of plays we demand happenings, in which the dialogue is improvised by the actors and the audience, and has more to do with revealing bodies than minds.

The latest international movement to come stage devotees is the Poor Theatre of the Polish director Jerzy Grotowski, whose stark ritual drama, long adored in Europe, have now reached London and New York. That they are performed in Polish means not Grotowski follows the gospel according to Antoni Artaud, the French theorist of the 1930s, who believed the theatre to be "beyond theatre" only to the degree that the thoughts it expresses are beyond the reach of the spoken language."

It is no news, of course, that the television age satisfies people to think visually. A field like Rosalind Nashashibi's *Posy* of Harlequin dolls will lead us to think "with the eyes" and instead of the mouth's eye. But the impact of the theory is to confuse theatre theorists who are encumbered the whole tradition of dramatic literature from Antithesis to Shaw.

By far the most universally popular form of theatre today is the "theatrical," the main features of which are spectacle and dressing — despite the label. In productions of other plays (known somewhat apologetically as "straight") the most important element now appears to be a brilliant troupe in the staging — sets of any cost, especially that of the speakers. *The Great White Way* is a cartoon example, but they do it to Hamptons and Shakespeare, too.

Even opera, this grand dame of the traditional theatre with its stirring to swing instead of song. In his electronic opera *Shattered Deck*, the U.S. composer Duke Ellington gives a performance the following stage direction:

If the light is red or orange for ten seconds, he approaches the seated lady and looks over her shoulder, smiling, and sends her a puff of smoke. If the light has

not changed yet, and the lady has not reacted unfavorably, he may pick her up, set her on his shoulder, turn her head and kiss her left ear, spin her down gently, and motion off stage. If the stage does, he says: "Polar areas occasional, and polarities are beyond, then dances away from her, his head down over his shoulders, cowering, and hides behind the nearest character. If she wants to go offstage, they go.

We have not reached this state of affairs by accident, and it is worth trying to understand how we got here.

For one thing, this weirdness of our ears to simplified sound. We don't have to strain to grasp a whisper in a movie house, it grasps us. In radio recordings and electronic instruments have further confirmed us, to the point where lyrics are just one kind of sound effect among many.

The live theatre, to compare, faces a difficult choice. Either amplify or go "intense" — intimacy being best achieved by what the film cannot offer, sexual physical contact with the audience. Most producers have chosen to amplify. Most amateur plays reach for "audience involvement." It is not by chance that the greatest international success of the moment, the musical *Willy*, does both.

Plays have had another effect on the course of theatre. To make a profit, firms require international distribution, hence the coming of "balkan" language has proved a serious obstacle. Neither subtleties nor subtleties meets the problem more than halfway, we either only in much of the dialogue as we have it, and have acquired the habit of changing what is said in favor of what it shows. Compare a 20-year-old film on TV now with most of the newest productions: the purple language has given way to the gross, which needs no translation.

The international reach of the film has downgraded speech in other ways. A primary dramatic function of speech used to be the differentiation of characters by nationality (accent) or dialect. When the Japanese watch Mary Poppins speak Japanese, or "transliterated" English replace

British and American educated speech, national characters go out the window. And the demarcations of our social life, in which films have played a major role, increasingly mask nonsense of verbal class distinction. When presidents can be less eloquent than plumbers, even when they have glib-writer speech becomes a poor index of status.

Our division heroes reflect the trend: the Stanley Kowalski and Willy Lenners of this world are not necessarily aristocrats. And the less aristocratic they are, the more easily they translate into Yugoslavians, or whatever. Actors not only speak louder than words — they seldom require an interpreter.

But the film, when all is said and done, merely restricts the role of speech. The advertising industry must bear a heavier indictment: it has debased the language of the audience, promoters, and may even succeed to be bloodsuckers, but in the process it has developed at a definite, accelerating, slow death of verbal cleverness of words. The credibility gap, that typical feature of the 1960s, is covered by a cry of disengagement with words as by belief in action.

The theatre has taken note — even if our schools and universities, still dutifully prescribing dramatic texts for study, have not. Is it just possible that after the preeminence of Wright, the popularity of O'Neill, the subtleties of Coward and the obscurities of Eliot, our dramatic speech has worn itself thin?

In *My Fair Lady*, Eliza sings to the advancing Freddie:

*Don't talk of stars
Starting above
If you're in love
SHOW ME!*

This is the cry of the times. We may bewail the decline of words and hope it is temporary. But even those who pray that the predators will not swing all the way to mindlessness might agree that the language of the scene deserves a turn. If we don't become dead and dumb in the meantime from lack of practice, we may then find a better balance between talk and action. □

Break out the frosty bottle, boys, and keep your martinis dry!





It's the real thing.
Coke.

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